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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MARRIED IN A SNOW DRIFT.

HOW A PROMINENT LAWYER OF HAVANA, ILLINOIS, SECURED HIS BRIDE IN THE FACE
OF THE OPPOSITION OF HER STERN PARENTS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

TO OUR READERS.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from ANY OTHER CAUSE you cannot procure the "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Agents wanted wherever there is no newsdealer. Sample copy sent free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

MILLIONAIRE SNELL'S MURDER.

The citizens of Chicago have been wrought up to a high degree of excitement over the recent cold-blooded taking off of Millionaire A. J. Snell, who met his death while defending his life and property from the attacks of some person or persons who unlawfully entered his house with burglarious intent.

The bold fight of Mr. Snell and its unhappy and disastrous consequences to that gentleman, are depicted in a graphic manner among the array of illustrations we present our readers this week. What makes the murder of Mr. Snell still worse is the fact that no clues have been discovered of the whereabouts or identity of his assassins, who may be at the other end of the continent by this time for all any one knows. But the public may rest assured that if they escape it won't be because of any lack of effort of the Chicago police, who are perhaps as vigilant and capable guardians of the peace as are possessed by any city in the world.

While Millionaire Snell's tragic and melancholy death is to be regretted, it was in a large measure due to his own carelessness. His house was very poorly fortified against the attacks of midnight intruders, considering that it contained so many valuables to tempt people of thievish proclivities, even those skilled in the profession. Think of an ordinary wooden door for keeping thieves out of a house containing a safe filled with money and valuables, not to mention the costly silverware and other articles which the house of the millionaire contained.

LIZZIE THURSBY'S ESCAPE.

What a remarkable escape that was in which pretty fifteen-year-old Lizzie Thursby, of Brooklyn, was recently concerned. The meeting of a man to whom she was almost a total stranger by appointment, on a street corner, at an unseasonable hour of the night, showed that however innocent her intentions, she belonged to that large class of impulsive maidens who are easily seduced by the wiles of bad and designing men.

Lizzie was innocent of any intention to do wrong. Such a conclusion is perfectly clear. She merely wanted to indulge in a bit of harmless flirtation, but in her girlish simplicity she did not realize the gross impropriety of having anything to do with a married man under the circumstances. Scarcely more than a child, she became an easy subject in the hands of the man who sought to rob her of her maidenly virtue. Men who will thus take advantage of innocent and unsuspecting girls, are heartless knaves always ripe for any temptation that may promise a victim for their base purposes.

Let Lizzie's disgrace be a warning to other young girls whose powers of discretion are weaker than their impulses to yield to the seductive influences of married men.

YOUNG CRIMINALS.

It is quite common for children to become criminals, but it is not often that boys engage in highway robbery. That is a species of deviltry which is enough to deter much older and more courageous persons.

The case of two New York youths, John Mangin, aged twelve years, and James Kenna, aged eleven, who were arraigned in the Tombs Police Court a few days ago charged with the offense in question, therefore, is something quite unusual in the annals of crime. The two youths attacked another lad in the dead hour of night and stole his hat, mittens and penknife, besides rifling his pockets of seventy cents.

What a wicked impulse that must have been which actuated these boys to commit such a bold and flagrant deed. They took their arrest as coolly as if they had already graduated in the school of crime and were perfectly used to getting in scrapes of that nature.

When two boys, depraved though they may be, engage in an undertaking requiring so much pluck and nerve as that for which Jimmy and Johnny were apprehended, there is only one inference to draw, and that is that they were cut out for the business by nature.

MASKS AND FACES.

Chats About Players-- The Talk of the Lobby.



"Let me kiss you, Monsieur Dumas!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young lady, rushing up to the eminent novelist on the first night of the production of "Francillon."

"Let me kiss you! The play is grand!"

The eminent novelist quietly submitted to the osculatory operation.

"What will you think of me?" then exclaimed the young lady, drawing back.

"Why, you don't know me. I'm a perfect stranger."

"Never mind, Mademoiselle," gallantly replied the novelist and playwright, "a kiss is the best letter of introduction in the world."

Our critics did not receive the play "Francillon," interpreted by Fran Niemann Raabe, quite as enthusiastically as did that young lady.

One gentleman went so far as to call it a dirty play. And yet I really can't see wherein "Francillon" is worse than many of the plays formerly adapted and produced by Daly and by Palmer. I admit that there is a husband in it who deceives his wife with a fast woman. I admit that the wife goes pretty far to show the husband that he is wrong. But have not thousands such scenes been presented on our stage? Have not the critics written hundreds of columns eulogistic of such plays?

There is a tendency just now to shudder at the strong words in Shakespeare, to change them, cut them out, pass them over.

I noticed the strength of this tendency when Modjeska was playing last week. The critics weren't satisfied with "Cymbeline" and "Measure for Measure." There are too many coarse words. We think Shakespeare should be revised. Modern ears can't stand all this.

To her credit be it said, Modjeska stuck pretty closely to the text. She did not imitate Edwin Booth, who, when playing *Iago*, says, speaking of *Othello* and *Desdemona*:

"Well, happiness to them both!"

"Well, happiness to their sheets!"

Or Augustin Daly, who in his revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream," makes Theseus say:

"One sees more devils than vast space can hold, instead of"

"One sees more devils than vast hell can hold."

Shakespeare wasn't afraid of the right word in the right place and I don't see why his interpreters should be.

There were a great many second and third rate members of the profession at the Liederkrans ball the other night. Girls who earn \$15 a week in the chorus came in wraps and eskalopes that cost \$100. Some of these girls, as you see, are great financiers.

It was not until one or two o'clock, when the champagne began to work, that the fun began.

Some women lolled on the arms of men in full dress and some what rumpled shirt fronts. Other women gave their cards to new acquaintances, and smiled inviting and suggestive smiles.

There was a great deal of hugging and kissing in the boxes.

"It's a shame," said an old cello player in the orchestra to me. "It's a shame they allow such things."

And he wiped the billiard-ball-like expanse on the top of his head with his red handkerchief, and contracted his eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

As I was going away from the ball I overheard a bit of private family history revealed by one charming girl to another.

"What did you shake Charley for? He was a nice sort of fellow."

"Oh, yes; but, you see, Charley used to come mornings and stand in front of my flat and yawn so as to give people the impression that he'd been with me the night before! That's what I didn't like about Charley."

I was much surprised when I heard that Barrymore had left Langtry, and that Langtry and Charles Coghlan had, if not kissed, yet made up their quarrel and become friends. I am all the more surprised at this reconciliation as I heard, on the best authority, that when a newspaper man sometime ago asked Mrs. Langtry why she let Coghlan go, the Lily answered, in her blindest manner, "Don't you think Mr. Coghlan is getting rather old?"

Laura Don, I am told, hated Effie Ellsler heartily when she sold the play "Daughter of the Nile" to Harry Lee. She is said to have asked him never to let Effie Ellsler play it.

"If I were dead, and I heard she played that play of mine," said she, "I would turn in my grave."

What jealousies, hates, backbitings, uncharitableness in the profession! What an amount of false

friendship beneath those rouged, powdered, smiling faces!

Take those girls up at the Bijou, take twenty girls in a chorus, how many are fast, true friends? Run your eye over the list of the slaves, odalisques and almas in the "Corsair." There are Eva Shaler, May Hanley, Polly Winner, Estelle Clinton, Mande Emerson, Ida Howell, Dixie Chapman, Gerlie Scull, Laura Curtis, Dolly Chase, Kitty Ford, Carrie Clare, Emily Beaumont and Florence Baker. Is there one of these young women in abbreviated skirts and colored hostery who would not have the cheek to say that she is better than all the rest? Is there one among them who would not push the comrade next to her aside in order to reach the prominence of Miss Uart or Miss Stetson.

One thing surprises me when witnessing the "Corsair," and that is, that so good a judge as Ed Rice does not see that Ameah Giovina cannot dance a graceful ballet dance.



They call it a "grand pas seul" on the programme.

Why doesn't Leilah do but one step and then disappear?

It would be quite sufficient.

Do you remember another Leilah on that stage, Leila Farrell, who danced in "Little Jack Shepard," over a year ago?

So full of abandon, grace, expression of face, suppleness of leg and arm was Leila Farrell that men about town speak of her yet to-day and regret that illness keeps her from charming them again.

I am sorry to hear that Dixey is in trouble, arising, it is said, on account of his gambling debts. It's a pity that a man who started to make his money by being the hind legs of a heifer should lose it thus rashly.

Dixey never had what is called the "big head," and in his moment of greatest triumph was pleasant to everybody. E. M. a Carson, who has a big photograph of Adonis on the mantel of her parlor, told me two years ago that Dixey put on less lugs than any star she ever knew.

I hope he'll pull through his troubles all right. Speaking of unassuming simplicity such as Dixey's reminds me of Kyrie Bellew, who is not famous for that quality. He is a poseur, if ever there was one. Look, speech, attitude—all for effect.

When I called on Bellew about a year ago, in his rooms on Lafayette Place, I found the male beauty standing in front of the fireplace with his hands at his back. He was jauntily dressed in a blazer and dark trousers, a big fob hung from one pocket; a bright handkerchief protruded from another.

Bellew was playing with something which he held on his shoulder.

I stepped nearer to see what the something was.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Bellew. "It's my pet white rat Toddlie."

I banished all alarm and looked interested.

"I've received bad news this morning," continued the actor, toying sadly with the rat, "very bad news."

"No death in the family, I hope," said I, edgewise, sympathetically.

"Not precisely," said the actor; "but I have just received news of the death of my pet monkey in my villa on the Thames."

"Ah!" said I, with a sigh of relief, and looked around the room.

The furniture was of yellow satin. On the walls were pictures of Bellew as *Fabian dei Franchi*, Bellew as *Hamlet*, Bellew as *Romeo*.

Everywhere Bellew. My host was easy in his manners, polite, and courtly.

And yet I thought of what that sarcastic little soubrette Gypsey Alcott once said of him, with a bright gleam in her big black eyes:

"I love Bellew. He's so very lady-like!"

There is a gleam of merriment even at that mausoleum, the Standard, at times. The other night, in that scene of "Anarchy" where the executioner holds up a bloody head, Robert Hilliard asked the executioner in a low tone:

"Is that Langtry's head?"

"Yes," answered the manager of the gullotine.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hilliard.

"Oh, the jealousy of you professional beauties!" wittily remarked Nella George, who stood near by and overheard the conversation.

While the learned are bothering their pates about whether Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, a clever writer in the *Referee* of London parodies some phases of the controversy thus:

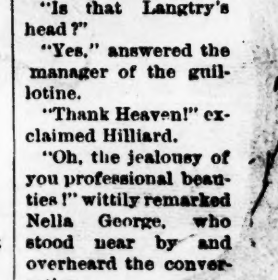
Shakespeare and Bacon are represented sitting in the Green Room Club.

Lord Bacon (in easy chair, smoking long clay)—Hullo, Billy! Why, I haven't seen you for weeks; where have you been?

Shakespeare—I've had a pantomime engagement in the provinces. Anything doing in town?

Bacon—No; business has been very quiet, so the fellows here tell me, and London wants a new play.

Shakespeare—I've got a rattling good idea for one, but I can't tackle it by myself. I'm all right for com-



edy, but when it comes to blank verse and tragedy I have got to take a back seat.

Bacon—What is your idea?

Shakespeare—Well, at present all I've got is a big comedy scene in a graveyard.

Bacon—Run place for a comedy scene, isn't it?

Shakespeare—Well, I must have it there, because I want to bring in a comic gravedigger I met in a churchyard the other day—quite a character. I took down some of his wheezes and I want a play written up to them. Have you got any ideas for a tragedy?

Bacon—Wouldn't a comedy suit your gravedigger better?

Shakespeare—No; because I must give him a body to score off; and you can't have a corpse in pantomime.

Bacon—I've a tragedy completely mapped out. It's founded on an old Danish story.

Shakespeare—Will you Dane to tell me the plot?

Bacon—Dane! Oh, Will, Will; what a wretched habit that is of yours! I've never forgiven you writing six pages into my last play to lead up to a wretched pun.

Shakespeare—I only made the Bacon look a bit streaky. Come, your plot, my Francis—your plot.

Bacon—The hero's a young prince whose mother has married his uncle.

Shakespeare—Then his mother is his aunt.

Bacon—The uncle murdered his brother to marry the queen, and the young prince learns the secret from his father's ghost.

Shakespeare—Ah, I see; the aunt is to be 'aunted'!

Bacon—This young fellow, Hamlet, vows vengeance. He is in love with the Lord Chamberlain's daughter, Ophelia.

Shakespeare—Wait a minute. I heard some jolly good female comic songs at a music hall while I was on tour. We might give one or two of them to Ophelia.

Bacon—But, my dear Bill, she's a perfect lady; she won't sing comic songs.

Shakespeare—Oh, we'll get over that. Give her a mad scene. A perfect lady off her nut will say and do anything.

Bacon—What wonderful resource you have, William!

Shakespeare—Allez, mon ami, allez!

Bacon—Hamlet gets up a play, and the play represents the murder. He invites the king and queen to see it.

Shakespeare—Bravo! I see a good scene.

Bacon—After the play his mother sends for him and lectures him, and the Lord Chamberlain listens behind the arras, and Hamlet runs him through.

Shakespeare—Serve him right!

Bacon—Hamlet after that goes mad.

Shakespeare—No, old man; I can't have that. I want the mad scene for Ophelia.

Bacon—Surely Hamlet is—

Shakespeare—Never mind. You can suggest his madness, but Ophelia must be right down stark staring.

Bacon—But why—

Shakespeare—Why? Because it's my only chance to get in those comic songs.

Bacon—But what of Hamlet?

Shakespeare—Oh, give him a fighting scene! That always goes.

Bacon—With whom?

Shakespeare—Give Ophelia a brother, and let Hamlet fight him.

Bacon—All right. And how can we wind up?

Shakespeare—Oh, settle everybody off at the finish! Put something in their drink, and leave Hamlet to speak the tag over a pile of corpses. That's always the best thing for the last act of tragedy.

Bacon—Ophelia and all?

Shakespeare—No, dear boy; she must die earlier in the play because I want a churchyard scene. She'll do for the corpse my comic man is digging the grave for. I see the whole play now. It's as good as done. You write the serious stuff. Leave the comedy to me, and I'll lick the whole thing into shape and produce it for you.

Bacon—And about terms?

Shakespeare—I suppose you want it to be brought out in my name only, as usual?

Bacon—Yes; there are reasons of state which prevent me advertising myself as a dramatic author.

Shakespeare—Well, I'll take all risk, and give you 5 per cent. of the receipts and the right to pass in six friends every evening.

Walter—Your steak and onions is ready, Mr. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare—All right!

ROSEN.

A TRUE MASCOTTE.

Three Young People Invest 35 Cents Each and Receive \$15,000.

Fortune seldom arrives at the opportune moment, but Mr. Frank Elliott is one of those who have been smiled upon by that fickle dame in one of her most capricious moments. "In the early part of last month," remarked Mr. Elliott, in speaking of his good luck, "I had just finished a contract with a prominent levee contractor of this city, and found myself with no immediate prospects of other lucrative business. On going to the State Female College, where my brother's wife resides, I found my sister-in-law and a young lady of her acquaintance whiling away a rather quiet evening. A sociable game of cards was proposed to enliven things, and I took a hand. Good-natured bantering and offers to bet were frequently made, and the young lady finally offered to wager the contents of her purse, and laughingly displayed 35 cents. My sister-in-law remarked: 'Just one-third of a dollar; suppose we each contribute 35 cents and get a Louisiana Lottery ticket.' This was readily agreed, and I gave 40 cents, the surplus 10 cents to be used as car fare by the young lady who was considered the mascot of the trio. One-tenth of ticket No. 33,442 was bought, and on the 10th day of January last the drawing took place."

Mr. Elliott paused a moment to remember the manifestations of the little party when the result of the drawing was published on the following day. "Our ticket entitled the holders to \$15,000, one-tenth of the capital prize of \$150,000. No trouble was experienced in collecting the money. The ticket was deposited in the Memphis National Bank and forwarded to New Orleans. A sight draft for \$15,000 was received a few days afterward, and each of the party got \$5,000."

When asked what he intended to do with his newly-acquired wealth, Mr. Elliott said: "I have not decided yet, but will doubtless invest it in real estate. This is what my sister-in-law and the young lady are going to do."

Mr. Elliott is a good-looking young man of about twenty-two years of age, and is one of the civil engineers of the corps employed by the Chickasaw Land Company of this city.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche*, Feb. 3.

The dead body of an infant, wrapped in a POLICE GAZETTE, was found on the Manitoba tracks near Minneapolis, Minn.



THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Miss Laura Armstrong.

Miss Laura Armstrong, whose portrait is presented above, was considered a promising young lady of Merceburg, Pa., until her infatuation with a traveling showman produced her downfall. There were damaging rumors that he had taken undue liberties with her. Miss Armstrong has disappeared from her native place, and it is hinted that she has entered upon a life of shame.

EVIDENCE OF FOUL PLAY.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 3.—It is believed that Henry Pedoe, whose body was found near the ruins of his burned barn in Pipestone county, Minn., was murdered for \$300 which he was known to have in the house, and which is now missing. A hole in the top of his head is another evidence of foul play.

SPORTS IN AND OUT THE RING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

We present an attraction this week in the shape of a full-page illustration showing a variety of events which have engaged the attention of the sporting fraternity during the past few days; chief among which was Reddy Gallagher's defeat of Sam Bittle at Cleveland, O., and the closing scenes of the late pedestrian contest in Madison Square Garden.

TRAILED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

A Walton (Ga.) dispatch, Feb. 6, says: Four convicts escaped from Powell's camp, near here, Friday night, and hid in the woods. Bloodhounds were put upon their trail, but the convicts beat the dogs off, killing one of the animals, and succeeding in eluding their pursuers. Another lot of bloodhounds were secured, and, after an exciting chase, the men were finally captured in Jack's Creek, on the Jersey road.

CRAZED BY RELIGION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Flora M. Ellis, a middle-aged woman of Boston, whose mind has for some time been much affected by religious excitement in the doings of the Salvation Army in this city, went crazy recently and wandered down Washington street praying and singing at the top of her voice and calling upon everyone to come to the Saviour. She was cared for by the authorities.

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

Six young children ranging in age from five to sixteen years, are left motherless, and perhaps fatherless, by a tragedy which occurred at Pittsburgh, Pa., a few days ago. Peter O'Neill, an iron worker, 40 years old, in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife through the thigh and then through the heart, killing her instantly. The cause of the crime was jealousy.

A MANIAC'S FIGHT WITH A DOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A thrilling scene was witnessed in Newark the other day, when a madman and a large mastiff were seen in deadly combat on the roof of a house. A large crowd was drawn to the scene, and the excitement was intense until the arrival of the police, who quickly dispatched the enraged brute and took the lunatic into custody.

DEATH RATHER THAN LAW.

Seneca S. Jetman, of Medina, O., was found dead in his cell Sunday morning, Feb. 7. He was convicted in 1887 for shooting, with intent to kill, and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. A motion for a new trial was made, but he has said he would not again go through with a trial. In January he cut his throat with an iron toothpick, but not fatally. Yesterday morning he was found lying on his cot with one hand under his head and the other across his body, as if sleeping. An examination proved it to be a case of suicide. He had torn his handkerchief into two parts, made them into balls and pushed them down his throat.

A MURDEROUS LOVER.

The people of Stewartville, Mo., were recently startled by a frightful tragedy, which occurred on a small stock farm, south of that place. William Bull, the superintendent of the farm, shot Miss Elva Everett, daughter of the proprietor, dead, and then killed himself. A few months ago Bull asked her to marry him. She refused, and told him not to mention the subject to her again. He was persistent in his efforts and became very wearisome to the young lady, who appealed to her mother to show him his folly. The mother did so, and Bull never again referred to the subject until to-day. After he had completed his morning work he went to the young lady and requested

a private interview. She refused, telling him to say what he had to tell her before her mother. The young lady was in the kitchen at the time sitting by the stove. Without saying another word Bull drew a pistol from his pocket and fired, the ball striking the girl in the back of the head, killing her instantly. Bull then ran into an adjoining room and shot himself in the temple, also dying immediately.

DRAMA AND LOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, Ill., Jan. 23, says: Pretty Mary S. Dullere told a queer story about Frank W. Link, a dramatic agent, in Judge Lyons' court, to-day. She said that Link sent her out to join an "Adamless Eden" company, but becoming disgusted with her new associates, she returned and was employed by the agent to manipulate the office type-writing machine for \$5 a week.

"On Monday morning last," continued Miss Dullere, "Link called me into his private office, and said I was discharged; that he wouldn't allow any man to speak to me, and that he loved me. Then he spread a newspaper on the floor, drew a razor, took hold of my cheek, and forced me on my knees. In his ravings, and they were awful, he declared that his was a silent love which he had smothered for months. He made me promise, with my hands on my heart, that I would live with him, after he had secured a divorce from his wife, who is only twenty years old, and who was formerly in his employ as a type-writer. He said I would never get up alive until I promised what he wanted.

"After declaring that no other man should ever love me he became quieter. Then I told him I was hungry and would go out and get a lunch. He said he would bring the lunch. He then went out and locked me in. I began to get frightened again, and hunted for some way to escape. First I stood on two chairs and tried to get through the transom, but found it too high. Then I found a bunch of keys in a cigar box, and much to my relief I opened the door. When I was satisfied Link was gone, and I ran to the street."

THE WANT BUSINESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The arrest of Mrs. A. L. Crocker, of Chicago, recently, grew out of a very sensational occurrence, which is the talk of the town. Mrs. Crocker was arrested on a warrant charging her with assault with intent to do bodily injury. The complainant is Paul Goetche, the principal witness against Mrs. Crocker in a divorce suit instituted by her husband. Goetche, in his complaint, says that Mrs. Crocker sent him a letter asking him to meet her near Desplains street to talk over matters in regard to the divorce suit. He met her, and at her request accompanied her into a house on Desplains street, where he was seized from behind by two men. At the same time his pockets were searched and some papers taken. His cries of murder, however, attracted an officer, and all four were marched to the station house, where, after a brief detention, all were released.

Mrs. Crocker is apparently about thirty years of age, and this outbreak is the latest phase of a sensational divorce suit instituted by her husband, who is over sixty years of age.

BURNED TO DEATH.

A terrible calamity occurred in the quiet village of Kutztown, eighteen miles from this city, about midnight, says a correspondent of Reading, Pa., under date of Feb. 8, by which Daniel Hopp, aged sixty years, Ida Hopp, aged fifteen years, a daughter, and Frederick Hopp, aged twelve years, a son, were burned to death. Mr. Hopp left home early in the evening, and did not return until midnight. It is said he met some friends, and there was a rather free indulgence in liquor. It is believed that Hopp accidentally set fire to the carpet down stairs by dropping a match on the floor, and after he had retired and fell asleep the flames spread, and before the victims could escape they were overcome by smoke and perished. Mrs. Hopp, the wife and mother, first awoke, and was almost stifled by the smoke, and she rushed frantically out of the house and gave the alarm when she realized that the house was on fire. In the meantime the fire spread rapidly and all efforts of the poor woman to arouse her husband and children by calling to them proved unavailing. They perished in the flames.

CLEMENT ARTHUR DAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATION.]

Clement Arthur Day, who murdered Josie Rosa on the morning of June 9 last, was hanged in Utica on Feb. 5. Day killed the woman, who was living with him, by stabbing her twelve or fifteen times because she was going to leave him and go home to her sick mother.

Day ate a hearty supper at six o'clock the evening before the execution and at 12:15 called for shrimp salad, bologna sausage, bread and oranges, which were furnished and which he ate heartily. Before this luncheon he sang several songs, danced a jig and imitated the crowing of a cock, which being answered by some women prisoners in another portion of the jail pleased him immensely. He twanged the guitar, and laughed and joked with his keepers and went to the gallows with a smile on his face, even assisting in placing the noose under his chin.

ENTRAPPING YOUNG WOMEN.

A special from Eau Claire, Wis., Feb. 6, says: It transpired to-day that a man from Hayward came to this city recently and secured the services of certain local procurers, and that the gang have organized a systematic scheme to entrap young women here and at Chippewa Falls by bogus promises of employment and send them to Hayward, Wis., where they are to be turned over to the Hayward end of the organization and distributed to so-called "parlor houses" there and in other towns further north. Office in Hayward, in the heart of a pine wilderness, they would be practically helpless. It is believed several young women have already been sent out there, but no case can be made out. The gang has been spotted and are being watched. Arrests are expected.

A JILTED LOVER'S REVENGE.

A special from La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 8, says: Anna Daniels was to have been married this week to a young man, who lives a few miles south of this city. When her lover came to see her last Thursday morning he found the door of her room locked. The young man forced open the door and found Anna lying upon the floor dead. Beside the body were four tallow candles. A tiny flame burned in the centre of each taper and the space between the carpet and the fire was scarcely the thickness of a lozenge. Kerosene oil had been

sprinkled over the carpet and upon the clothes of the dead girl. In half an hour the candle flames would have eaten to the oil and burned the body. The girl died from the administration of chloroform, and Albert Kennett, a jealous rival for her hand, is suspected of having committed the deed.

MARRIED IN A SNOWDRIFT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

S. R. Brown, a prominent lawyer of Havana, Ill., after securing a divorce from his wife some time ago fell in love with Miss Amanda Walker, who has been a clerk in his office, and both were desirous of welding their love by matrimony, but the mother and brother of the young lady were sternly opposed to the wedding taking place, and for six weeks a guard was kept over the girl. Finally, she was sent to an uncle living about seven miles west of that city. She came about three weeks ago, and at once began writing to Brown appraising him of her whereabouts. He wrote to her but she never received any of his letters.

Last Thursday Brown came here and found all of his letters in the post office in this city. He went out to her uncle's farm and saw her, but was given distinctly to understand that he was to give up his intentions of marrying the girl. She told him that Saturday afternoon she would go to a church in the neighborhood to assist in the decorations for Christmas. Brown then procured his license, and taking Probate Judge Allen in a carriage Saturday night, started for his betrothed. Upon arriving at the church the driver was sent in to get the girl. She came out and got into the carriage, when the party started for Olathe.

The team, however, became frightened and ran away, but the driver finally pulled them up in a snow drift without any damage. The marriage was then performed while the carriage remained in the drift, after which the newly-made wife was taken back to the church, while Mr. Brown came to Olathe.

A COWBOY LET LOOSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A very exciting affair happened at Detroit, Mich., the other day. Policeman Drew was patrolling down Randolph street when he was startled by hearing a woman scream: "Save me! Help! Murder! Police! For God's sake, don't kill me!" The sounds seemed to proceed from the house of a Mrs. Hackett. Repeated rapping at her door brought forth Mrs. Hackett. She said in explanation that a cowboy or Westerner of some kind had raised the disturbance. He was in possession of a gun about a yard long, which he had been flourishing around in a most alarming manner. She said that the man wanted to kill a girl, who, he claimed, had tried to rob him of his money. Drew and Stock then started to search for the two disturbers. In one room under a bed a young man and remarkably pretty woman were found. She was induced to crawl from her hiding place after considerable persuasion. She was attired very scantily, her only visible garment being an undershirt. She dressed herself and was placed under arrest. The cowboy was found in a back room vainly endeavoring to crawl out a window, which was at least thirty feet from the ground.

FOOLED WITH MESMERISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is said to be a young woman now lying in a trance at Alamo, Mich., as a result of a foolish experiment of a man in that section gifted with mesmeric powers. According to the story, the people of Alamo have been amusing themselves with mesmerism this winter, and several persons have become quite proficient in the art. Among them was a young man, named Dwight T. Holmes, who seemed to be more successful than any of the others. On the evening of Jan. 9 Holmes and another young man were at the house of A. J. Rood, when Miss Kitty Rood and another young woman were there. Mesmerism was experimented with and Holmes succeeded in influencing Miss Rood so effectively that she fell into a faint on the floor. All efforts to revive her failed, and convinced that he had killed her, Holmes pledged the others to secrecy and fled. A doctor pronounced the young lady dead, and her funeral occurred Jan. 13.

FRIENDLY, BUT FATAL.

Nicholas Jeffreys, a Philadelphia young man, a few days ago, died in the Episcopal Hospital from the effects of injuries said to have been inflicted by a companion named James Devlin.

The young men roomed together at a boarding house on East Huntingdon street. They had both been in the employ of the Reading Railroad Company, and when the recent strike was inaugurated they went out with the other hands. On Thursday night they attended a party given by one of their friends, and as Jeffreys informed his father just previous to his death, the two, on returning home from the party, engaged in a friendly sparring match. Devlin, he said, became angered because he could not strike him, and he then kicked Jeffreys in the groin. Jeffreys was taken to the hospital suffering from an injury to the stomach, which resulted in his death.

AN OUTLAW'S MADNESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Wichita, Kan., Feb. 6, says: A fatal shooting scene took place in a noted house in this city yesterday morning, in which three men were wounded, one fatally. J. E. Gregg, alias "Black Jack," a noted desperado, gambler, and ex-cowboy, went to the house and broke into the room of the landlady, Emma Williams. She sprang from her bed, and as she did so "Black Jack" ordered her and Bill Sparr, a man who was in the room, to throw up their hands. He had scarcely uttered the words when he shot at Sparr, the bullet striking him in the left arm, inflicting a slight wound. Sparr grabbed his pistol from under his pillow and shot Gregg through the body, who fell to the floor insensible.

ONE-ARMED PUGILISTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Geiger and Otto Johnson fought a novel ring battle in the Opera House, Milwaukee, Wis., at midnight on Feb. 5. Both men have lost their right arms. The men slugged each other all over the stage, and there were four clean knockdowns in the three rounds. Their best tactics were shown in dodging the swinging blows they aimed at each other's head, but after the first round they were unable to do this with any degree of accuracy. Just as the referee was about to call time in the third round, Geiger hit Johnson on the ear and sent him spinning toward the footlights. The blow was a settler, and Johnson couldn't respond to the call of time for the fourth round. Geiger took the stakes and the gate receipts.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Officer Thomas Duff.

Who is the efficient aid of Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, on the night of Jan. 23 last shot and killed the desperado Albert Peterson, a Swede, who for months previous had made life a burden for the residents of the aristocratic "Nob Hill."

Fred. Carlton.

A fine portrait of Fred. Carlton, the famous runner, well-known in sporting circles throughout New England, will be found on another page.

Robert De Lisk.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Robert De Lisk of Detroit, Mich., well-known among sporting circles in Michigan as a skillful wing shot.

Robert Watson.

We present our readers in this issue the portrait of Robert Watson of London *Sporting Life*, who has acquired fame on the other side as a referee in general sporting matters.

James A. Jordan.

On another page we publish a portrait of James A. Jordan the champion amateur runner and walker of Nashville, Tenn., who has won a creditable record in numerous contests.

Alderman Lally.

Alderman Lally, of Cairo, Ill., who is popularly known as the Mayor of the Fifth Ward, is said to be the most popular man in the city of Cairo. His portrait will be found on another page.

Jim Burrows.

The portrait of Jim Burrows, a noted outlaw and train robber, who was captured near Texarkana, Ark., on Jan. 27, by Police Captain John Martin, of Montgomery, Ala., is shown on another page.

John B. Wilkin.

Handsome John Wilkin, who is said to be an ardent disciple of Brigham Young, was recently arrested at St. Paul, Minn., charged with unlawfully wedding six wives. His portrait appears in another column.

Billy Drennan.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Billy Drennan, the famous game fowl fancier of Wyandotte, Mich. He is a celebrated handler and breeder of game fowls. Mr. Drennan was a victor in the last main between Wyandotte and Chatham, Ont.

Jack Keele.

Whose portrait may be seen on another page, is one of the best known sporting men in Ohio. He is an all-round athlete and boxer of remarkable cleverness. He recently opened a sporting house at Crestline, Ohio, which is a favorite resort for sporting men.

Archibald Wallace Sinclair.

Who took part in the recent six-days' walk in Madison Square Garden, this city, came here for that purpose from Scotland. It was his first professional appearance and he was strongly backed. He has no record on six day races. As an amateur he holds the championship of England in races from 30 to 120 miles, and from 30 to 81 miles. He is an easy runner, with long wind. Mr. Sinclair's portrait is published in another column.

George E. Tuffley.

Ex-champion hose coupler of America, whose portrait we give elsewhere, was born at Plattville Wis., Nov. 4, 1858, and stands six feet high and when in condition scales 150 pounds. Tuffley first began coupling in 1880. He has been engaged in a great number of coupling contests, winning distinction for the brilliancy of his feats on several occasions. On Jan. 17, 1883, at the national coupling tourney held at Decatur, Ill., Tuffley and Cooper defeated Brett and Sitter, winning the championship of the world and Brozman medals; also \$50 in cash prizes under the Illinois rules.

Mme. Janisch.

Mme. Janisch, Countess D'Arco, was born in Austria. She went on the stage when quite young, beginning in the sourette business, and gradually working into more serious roles. She filled all the principal parts of the great plays of Goethe, Schiller, Gutzkow and some Shakespearean roles. She appeared in New York at Harrigan's in the "Kabale und Liebe" of Schiller, and attracted attention at the Madison Square by her impersonation of Anselma, by Victorien Sardou. Her conception of the part of the injured wife, who wins back her husband, in love with a ballet dancer, was generally considered most artistic.



MME. JANISCH,
THE DASHING AND HANDSOME ACTRESS WHO HAS DELIGHTED NEW YORK AUDI-
ENCES BY HER INIMITABLE IMPERSONATIONS.

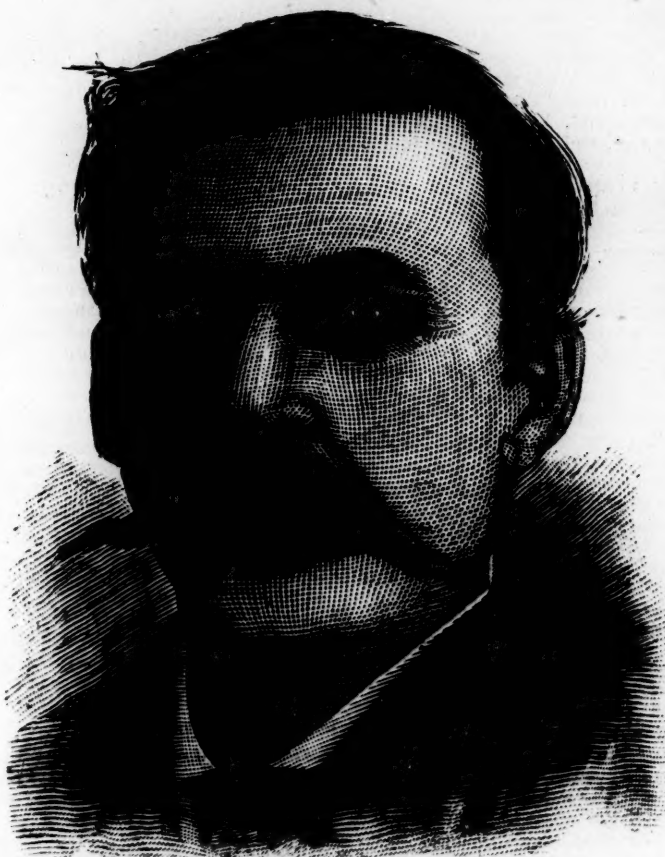


SYDNEY ROSENFELD,
OF NEW YORK, THE TALENTED AND POPULAR SQUIBBIST, PLAYWRIGHT AND LIBRET-
TIST, WHO PROMISES TO MAKE HIS MARK.



LAUGHS IN THE FACE OF THE GALLOWS.

HILARITY OF CLEMENT ARTHUR DAY, JOSIE ROSA'S BRUTAL MURDERER, ON THE MORNING HE WAS HUNG AT UTICA, N. Y.



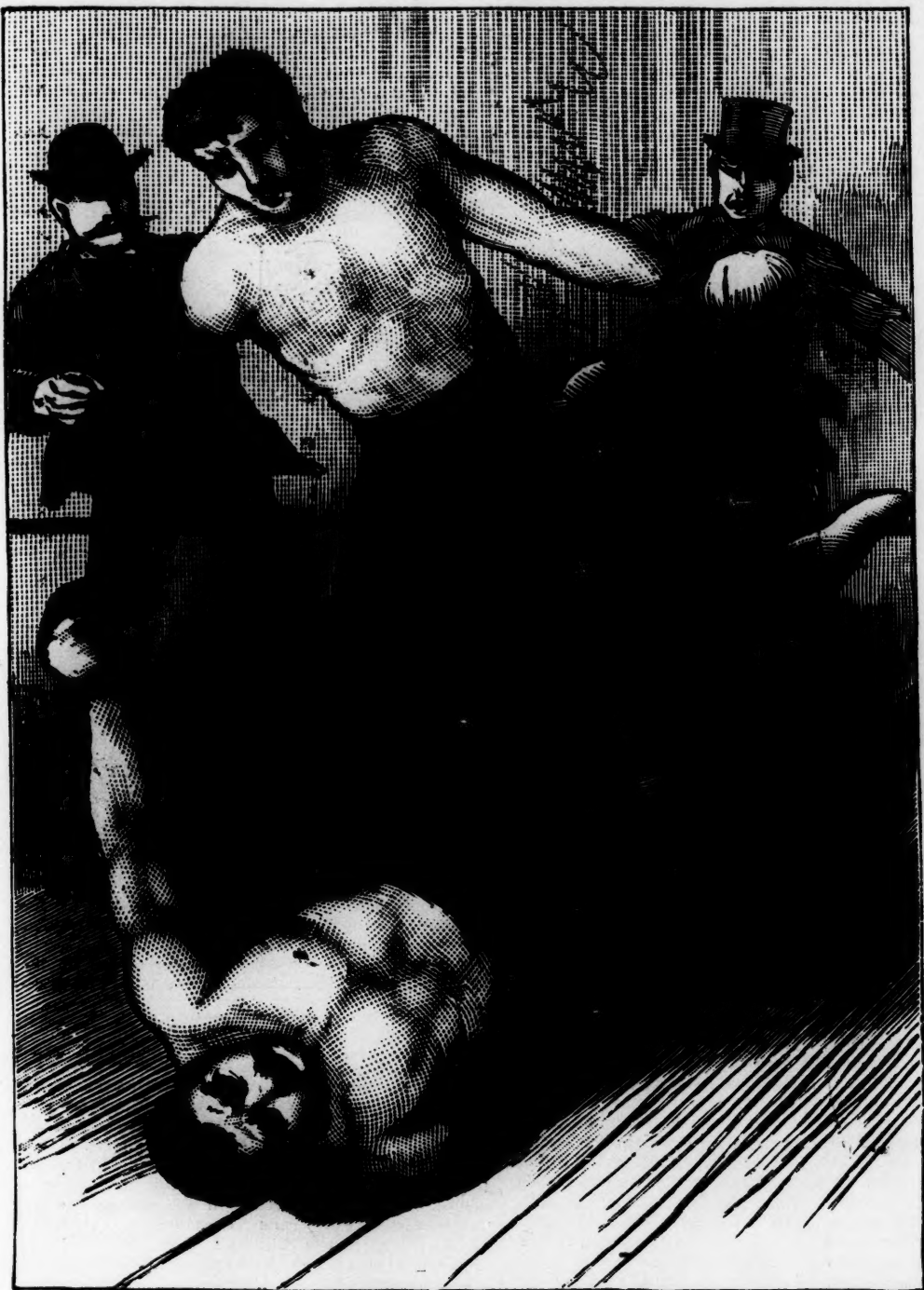
CLEMENT ARTHUR DAY,
WHO SUFFERED THE DEATH PENALTY AT UTICA, N. Y., ON FEB.
NINTH FOR THE MURDER OF JOSIE ROSA.



JIM BURROWS,
NOTED OUTLAW AND TRAIN ROBBER RECENTLY CAPTURED BY PO-
LICE CAPT. JOHN B. MARTIN OF MONTGOMERY, ALA.

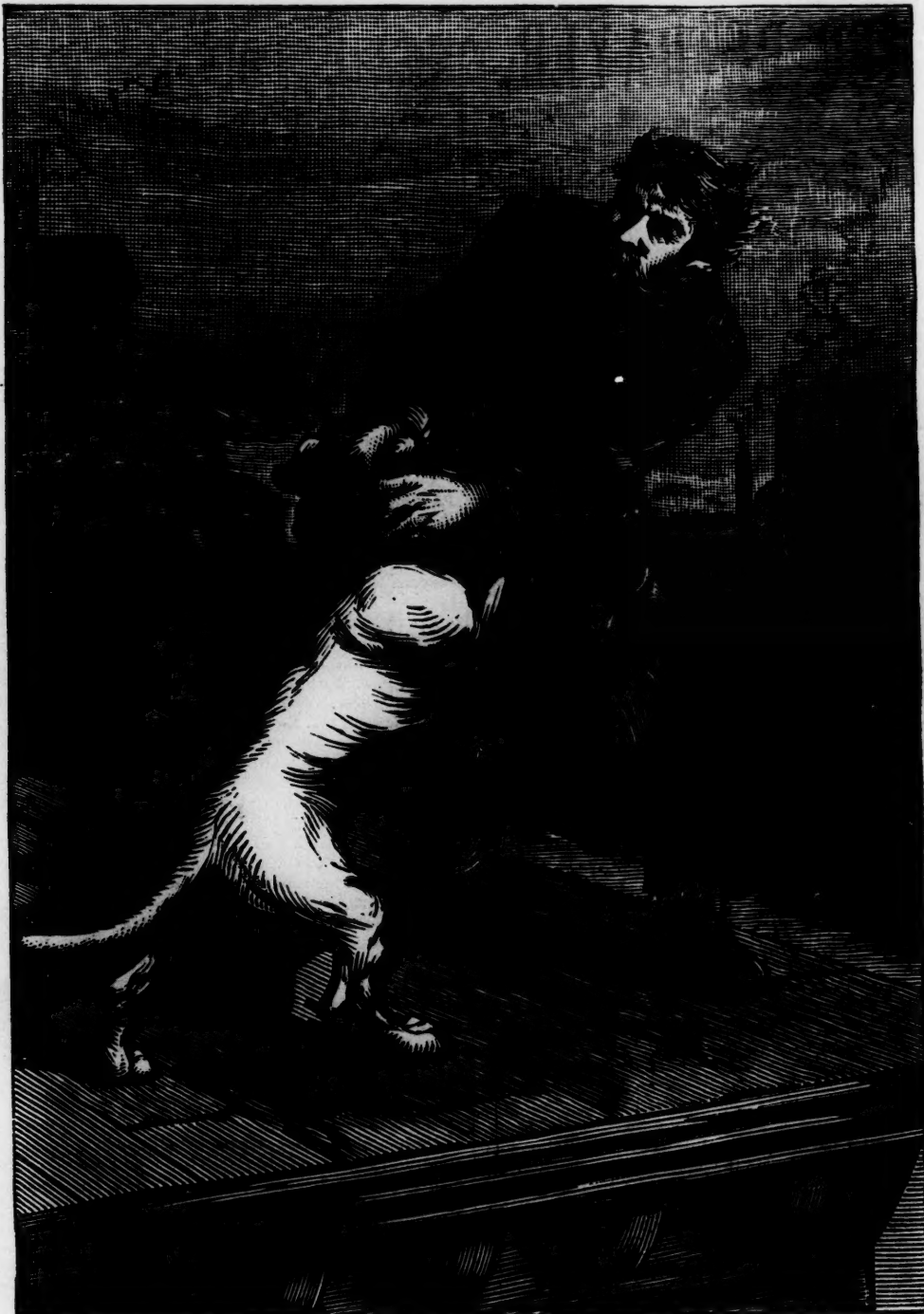


JOHN B. WILKIN,
A GAY LOTHARIO RECENTLY ARRESTED AT ST. PAUL, MINN.,
CHARGED WITH UNLAWFULLY WEDDING SIX WIVES.



ONE-ARMED PUGILISTS.

A NOVEL RING CONTEST WHICH RECENTLY OCCURRED IN THE OPERA HOUSE AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



A MANIAC'S FIGHT WITH A DOG.

NEWARK, N. J., PEOPLE WITNESS THE EXCITING SPECTACLE OF A MAN AND A DOG ENGAGED IN A FIERCE COMBAT ON A HOUSE TOP.



FOOLED WITH MESMERISM.

A YOUNG LADY OF ALAMO, MICH., IS THROWN IN A TRANCE AS THE RESULT OF A FOOLISH TRIFLING WITH OCCULT POWERS.

HER BETRAYER.

The Deathbed Confession of
Pauline Bouchat, of
Baltimore, Md.

A LOVER'S TREACHERY

Permitting His Too Confiding Sweet-
heart to be Sacrificed by a
Cruel Abortionist.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.



LARGE bunch of white cashmere on the front door of the house No. 746 Pierce street, a few doors west of Myrtle avenue, in Baltimore, Md., a policeman on the steps, and several groups of inquisitive neighbors on the adjacent corners told a terrible tale last Monday morning.

The scene above described was at what was a short while ago the happy home of a beautiful young lady, her two brothers, three sisters, and mother. The beautiful young lady was Pauline Bouchat, who was then lying cold in death, the result of an abortion alleged to have been performed on her by Dr. Francis Stevens, whose office is located at No. 7 North High street, on the 20th of December last. And the pathetic tale involved in the case of Miss Bouchat should prove a terrible warning to other girls about to take the first false step.

The members of the Bouchat family hardly knew what trouble was until four years ago, when the father fell from a scaffold on Barnum's Hotel and was killed. This was the first trouble they saw, and the sad death of Pauline on Sunday at 12 o'clock is the last, which they will never forget.

While the Bouchats were not possessed of more than their share of this world's goods they have always lived an upright and honorable life. Pauline was of a lively and pleasant disposition, but no one had ever breathed aught against her. She was considered by the residents of Pierce street as being a model young lady. But subsequent developments have shown that the neighbors did not know all. Even her mother did not know the secret lurking in her bosom.

About 7:30 o'clock last Sunday evening Frank Bouchat went into the Western police station and informed Capt. Cadwallader that his sister, Pauline Bouchat, had died about 12 o'clock that day at her home from an abortion performed by Dr. Francis Stevens, at the instance of Meyer Rosenthal, a member of No. 8 Engine Company, on Mulberry street, near Schroeder. To substantiate his charge Bouchat displayed an affidavit acknowledged before John L. Baker, Justice of the Peace. Two warrants were immediately issued—one for the arrest of Dr. Stevens and the other for the arrest of Rosenthal—and the two men were taken into custody by Capt. Cadwallader and a policeman. Dr. Stevens had retired for the night, but he was made to get up and accompany the party to the Western police station.

Pauline Bouchat left her home on Dec. 20, telling her mother that she was going to the country for a few days, and Mrs. Bouchat had no reason to doubt her daughter's story. Instead of leaving the city, however, she went to Dr. Stevens' office with Rosenthal, where the operation is said to have been performed, Rosenthal remaining in an adjoining room.

According to a statement made by Miss Bouchat to her brother Frank on Thursday of last week, Rosenthal is charged with being the cause of her ruin and the father of the child. After the operation he carried her to a house at the northwest corner of Baltimore and Exeter streets, where board was secured. The house is No. 926 East Baltimore street, and has a "Ladies' Entrance" on North Exeter street. It is frequented by lewd women and patronized by those who desire that no questions be asked. Mrs. Anna Bertoni, whose husband keeps a saloon on the first floor, is the proprietress. It was between 8 and 7 o'clock on the evening of Dec. 20 when Rosenthal carried Miss Bouchat to the house and secured board, paying \$7 in advance for the first week. Miss Bouchat was dangerously ill all the time she was at the house, and on Jan. 20 Dr. G. A. Strauss had her conveyed to the Maryland University Hospital, Lombard and Green streets. Here her condition was so alarming that the Sisters at the institution prevailed upon her to let her secret be known. She gave the address of her mother, who was sent for and carried her erring daughter home Sunday, Jan. 22d. On Thursday of last week Pauline, who saw that the little life she had was fast ebbing away, called her brother to her bedside and made full confession, having up to that time refused to talk to her mother about her troubles. It was then that Frank Bouchat went after



MEYER ROSENTHAL.

Justice Baker, who visited the house and took the

following affidavit, which was displayed by Frank at the station:

STATE OF MARYLAND, ss:

Be it remembered, that on this 26th day of January, 1888, before me, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for the city of Baltimore, personally appeared Pauline Bouchat, and made oath on the holy evangel of Almighty God, that Dr. Francis Stevens, on the 20th day of December, 1887, did perform an operation to procure an abortion on her person in his office, 7 North High street, and Meyer Rosenthal, father of the child, was in the adjoining room when Dr. Stevens performed the operation.

Witnesses—William Rickert, M.D., Mary Loudenslager, Pauline Bouchat, Annie A. Vater, Annie Elizabeth Bouchat, Mary Bouchat.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 26th day of January, 1888.

JOHN L. BAKER.

Justice of the Peace.

Monday morning Dr. Stevens and Rosenthal were held by Squire Benner to await the action of the coroner's jury, and the inquest was set for 8 o'clock that evening.

A reporter had in the meantime visited the house on Pierce street. The dead girl lay in an ice casket, shrouded in a dress of dark green plush.

Rosenthal is about twenty-four years old. He sat moodily in his cell all day, and neither he nor Dr. Stevens would make any statement concerning the affair.

The following jury of inquest met at the Western Police Station House:

Col. William L. Schley, Henry Mehring, George J. Dufur, P. J. Motley, Charles Starnes, George T. Reed, Charles Miller, T. H. Winpenny, James W. Diven, Geo. E. French, and H. Levin.

Coroner Sparrow excluded every one except the jury, reporters, and witnesses. Messrs. Edgar H. Gans and Edward I. Clark, counsel for the two prisoners, were also excluded, and were very indignant, even threatening to bring suit against the coroner.

The first witness called was Captain Cadwallader, who testified as to the arrests and what led to them.

"Stevens told me that he was called to see Pauline on December 20, at Mrs. Bertoni's house, and that he attended her for three weeks. Finding that she was growing worse Dr. George Strauss, of No. 9 East Montgomery street, was sent for. He came and got a permit from the Central station and had her sent to Maryland University Hospital, where she remained until her mother carried her home."

Dr. C. W. Mitchell, the resident physician at the hospital, was too sick to attend, and sent a letter in which he said that "Pauline Bouchat, aged twenty-two, was admitted to the institution January 20th. She was very weak, feverish and pale, and suffered with intense abdominal pain. Her stomach was in such an irritable condition that she could retain little or no food. The diagnosis made was peritonitis following an abortion. I regarded her condition as very dangerous. Her mother came and removed her to her residence, No. 746 Pierce street, Sunday, January 22d."

The girl's affidavit, above printed, was next read, after which Dr. Sylvester V. Hoopman, of 1,812 East Baltimore street, who made the post-mortem examination, testified as to having found conclusive proof that an abortion had been performed.

Dr. William Rickert of Pennsylvania avenue and Robert street, the family physician of the Bouchats, testified to having attended the deceased and found that an operation had been performed on her.

Dr. Strauss said that he had met Dr. Stevens twice—



THE ABORTIONIST'S VICTIM.

once at Mrs. Bertoni's and once at his own house. Stevens called to tell him that the Bouchats were going to prosecute him. Dr. Strauss testified that he was positive an abortion had been performed, but he could not say by whom. He was induced to send her to the Maryland University Hospital, because he feared she would be sent to Bay View.

A. Bertoni fully identified Rosenthal as the man who called himself Williams. Rosenthal is rather good looking and wears a black mustache. Dr. Stevens was also identified by Bertoni.

While Frank Bouchat was on the stand a sensation was created. He did not know when Pauline went away, but he was fully aware of her condition. He had visited her at Bertoni's. He went to No. 8 Engine house and charged Rosenthal with having betrayed Pauline. Rosenthal acknowledged that he was the father of the child and promised to pay \$5 a week for her board and doctor's bills. He acknowledged that he and Stevens had done it all. He also went to Stevens and said he wanted \$200, or some one would suffer. When this announcement was made there was great surprise manifested by those present.

After examining all the witnesses the jury returned the following verdict:

"That the said Pauline Bouchat came to her death by reason of an operation, producing an abortion, performed upon her by one Dr. Francis Stevens on the 20th day of December, 1887, at his office, No. 7 N. High street, of which operation she lingered and died from the effects thereof at the house of her mother, No. 746 Pierce street, January 20, 1888; and they further find, on their oaths, that one Meyer Rosenthal, alias Williams, was an accessory to the same from the evidence produced at the same inquest."

The dead girl was employed, up to a short while ago, by Ronemus & Co., tin sign advertisers, No. 211 and 213 Clay street. On Monday Mrs. Bouchat received the following letter from the firm:

Mrs. BOUCHAT:

Madam—I beg you to accept my heartfelt sympathies in this time of your bereavement. I was very much pained to know that Pauline had been so much wronged. I must say she was always a very faithful employe, very attentive to her work and very ladylike in every respect. She was more sinned against than sinning. We have this satisfaction to know that those who have wronged her so much will be brought to justice, and it is to be hoped that they will receive the punishment that they deserve. May God, in His infinite mercy, sustain and comfort you, as He alone can.

Respectfully,

CHARLES H. MARTIN, Foreman.

After the arrest of "Dr." Stevens he was fully identified as "Dr." Stephen D. Grant, who some years ago had an office on Liberty street. He was often suspected of many similar crimes, but was never convicted. Later he kept a pension office at the corner of North and Lexington streets, and being arrested for frauds, was convicted by the United States authorities and

sentenced to a term in the Maryland Penitentiary. Leaving there after finishing his term he went to Philadelphia, later returning to Baltimore, where he opened an office at No. 419 Druid Hill avenue, afterward removing to High street.

On Monday evening a neatly dressed young woman entered the Western station and asked to see Rosenthal. The request to converse with the prisoner was at

by an indictment for manslaughter, for which the extreme penalty is ten years in the penitentiary.

The house No. 7 North High street, in which "Dr." Stevens, alias Grant, had his office, is said to have been run by the "doctor" as an "ask-me-no-questions" house.

A large crowd gathered around the house of the Bouchats while the funeral services were being held.



ROSENTHAL'S AFFECTING INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

first denied, but in reply to questions from Lieutenant Fullen she said that she was Rosenthal's wife. She resided near Harrisburg, Pa., she said, and had received a telegram to come on to Baltimore. After she made her statement she was allowed to see the prisoner. She had only been in his presence a few minutes when she asked him if the charge was true. "Yes," he answered, in a faint voice. "My God," murmured the wife, as she immediately left him. She said that she was married to him about two years ago, but they had separated shortly afterward.

All that was mortal of pretty Pauline Bouchat was laid at rest Tuesday afternoon in Loudoun Park Cemetery, Rev. F. List, of the third church of the United Brethren in Christ, officiated at the funeral. Only very few friends outside the family were present. After reading the 90th Psalm Rev. Mr. List offered a prayer and delivered an address in German, following with another in English, in which he said:

"The sudden departure of our dear sister stirs every nerve of our existence. We have this assurance and comfort, that all is past, and that she entered heaven as her home. She died a child of God, and what more could we request? Thousands of young men and young ladies would be saved and in the bosom of the church of Christ but for the ball room and the theatre. That is what brings troubles. Here is a mother who followed her daughter with her prayers in every step, and by the power of prayer she was saved. Here is a card which I am much pleased to see—that with the offering from the employees of the house where she once worked. It is a token of great esteem, and let bad people say what they will, our daughter had friends, and respectable friends, and the sympathy of all good people.

Rev. Mr. List said that Pauline had told him shortly before she died that she was reconciled to death.

Messrs. J. Emerson, J. Ernest Landbeck, John P. Neimyer, Frank Hartman, J. Manning, and Andrew Snyder were the pall-bearers.

The card referred to by Rev. Mr. List in his address was one attached to a floral anchor, which read as follows: "A token of affection to our beloved friend from all the young ladies in the employ of Ronemus & Co."

A number of other floral offerings covered the casket containing the remains.

Meyer Rosenthal has been suspended from No. 3 Engine Company.

The penalty for malpractice is imprisonment in the

On Wednesday Rosenthal found a bondsman in the person of George W. Straus, of No. 117 South Charles street, and he was released from jail.

Both Stevens and Rosenthal were presented by the Grand Jury Thursday. Rosenthal was immediately re-arrested.

A DAKOTA HEROINE.

Inexpressibly sad was the experience of Miss Ella Lamber, a teacher near Faulkton, Dak., who, the morning after the storm, was found lying in the snow near the roadside with her little charge, Carrie Auman, folded to her breast, both sleeping the sleep which knows no waking. On the fatal day she had three pupils—two little boys and one little girl—all very young. When the storm set in she started for the nearest house, twenty rods distant, with the children, facing the sweeping, blinding blast. The children soon caused her to become bewildered and lose both the house and the schoolhouse. After wandering around trying to find shelter the children refused to move, so chilled and exhausted were they. She crouched in the snow by the roadside with her back to the storm and nestled the children under her wraps, pressed them close to her, and cheered and warmed them as best she could.

The fury of the storm increased constantly. She called for help, but could not be heard ten rods away. For six terrible hours she fought desperately with death. She folded the little girl to her breast in a vain effort to protect her from the pitiless storm, and when found the little one was still encircled by the frozen arms of the teacher.

A BRUTAL HUSBAND.

Franz Vanitzch, a junk dealer, of Newark, has been in the habit of brutally beating his wife. On Sunday he attacked her, and bruised her so severely that she became temporarily insane and jumped out of a second story window and sustained injuries which the physicians at the German Hospital, where she was taken, say will prove fatal.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE ON ICE.

Louis Hilsenberger, traveling man for the Detroit Brewing Company, says a dispatch from Detroit, Mich., dated Feb. 12, has returned from the Straits of Mackinac, where he had a thrilling experience. He arrived at Mackinac on Wednesday, when the mercury was 38 degrees below zero. Mr. Hilsenberger wanted to go to St. Ignace, and as the boats were ten hours in making the crossing, the railroad company sent out sleighs for the passengers.

Two loads started, each sleigh containing five persons, one passenger being a woman.

Five miles from shore the horses broke through the ice. The passengers were all thrown into the water.

Hilsenberger froze both of his ears and feet. The



THE DEATHBED CONFESSION.

penitentiary for not less than three years, or a fine of not less than \$500 nor more than \$1,000, or both, at the discretion of the court. The charge of causing death by malpractice can be followed under the common law

other men froze their feet, faces, hands, ears and parts of their bodies, and one man died soon after reaching Mackinac. Two others will have to have their feet amputated.

ASSASSINATED.

Deadly Midnight Struggle of
a Chicago Millionaire
With Burglars.

HIS BRAVE FIGHT

Meets the Intruder Single-Handed
and Alone and is Murdered
in Cold Blood.

SEARCHING FOR CLEWS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]



REAT excitement has been caused in Chicago by the murder of Millionaire Amos J. Snell, of that city, on the evening of Feb. 7. Writing of the occurrence, a special correspondent says: There was a dance at Martin's Hall, on Ada street, near Madison, last night, and this morning about 2 o'clock the laughter of merry revellers, the crunching of the

wheels of the carriages as they whirled over the frozen snow, the hoarse voice of the caller as he announced vehicles in waiting for the departing guests, and other sounds incident to the breaking up of a festival drowned the reports of revolvers in the hands of desperate burglars who were doing Millionaire Amos J. Snell to death.

There were watchmen around the dead man's house and extra special policemen on duty on the Boulevard, but none of them heard the shots.

Mr. Snell lived in a large brick house at the north-west corner of Ada street and Washington Boulevard, fronting south. It is a two-story structure, with a mansard roof and a high basement, and is built in the style prevalent many years ago, having a wide hall running through the centre.

There were two murderers, and each inflicted what would have been a fatal injury upon his victim.

Mr. Snell was a magnificent specimen of manhood and perfectly fearless. That he arose from his couch and faced his assassins, revolver in hand, is proof positive of this.

"If burglars ever enter this house it will be over my dead body," he said to a friend of his, not long ago.

The west side of the city has been overrun of late with thieves and burglars, and Mr. Snell well knew he would not escape their cupidity. The police have not been successful in capturing any of the gang that have been committing the crimes, but say they have had "pointers" for quite a time.

The murder of this morning is a "pointer."

While the revellers were making merry in the ball room the burglars were plying their trade at No. 431 Washington Boulevard, two doors from the murdered man's residence. They stole several articles of value and then went after the larger game. Walking softly through the snowy alley from the west, the miscreants entered a side gate opening from Ada street into the yard surrounding Snell's house. A few steps took them up the cleanly swept walk to the rear door, where hidden by the shadows of a wide veranda and by the tall walls about there was no chance of them being seen by persons moving along the street, while they rapidly bored a circle of holes in the kitchen door. There was an ordinary mortise lock, a spring lock and a sliding bolt on this door. Only the spring lock held the door shut, the other two fastenings having been left out of use in order that the coachman might have no trouble in entering the house in the morning to build fires. It was easy enough, therefore, to obtain entrance to the house.

Once inside, the burglars and murderers passed



SEEKING AN ENTRANCE THROUGH THE BASEMENT DOOR.

through the small kitchen into the dining room. There was nothing they wanted there, so they crossed the hall and entered Mr. Snell's office, a well lighted room

in the basement, fronting south and east, with windows facing upon the boulevard. In the middle of this room stands the old man's desk. Everything there is severely plain. Against the wall stands a high-backed chair of the old fashioned sort, and behind the desk is the safe.

That the marauders were burglars is evident. They did not proceed in a workmanlike manner. They first drilled holes around the lock preparatory to filling them with powder, when they bethought themselves to try the handle. Lo! the door came open, for the old man never locked it. In the room also is an iron box. The top of this was drilled and holes were made near the hinges, when, it was discovered that all that was necessary to do was to lift the lid. From the safe and box were obtained \$1,000 in county warrants, that were so endorsed as not to be negotiable, and a lot of checks of which the thieves can make no use. This was the price of the horrid crime.

Stealing up stairs, the prowlers came to the main hall. To the east were double parlors, and north of them a small reception room and library. They pried the lock off the parlor doors, which are also old-fashioned and swing inward, and it was this noise which awakened Mr. Snell. His sleeping room is in the second story, immediately over the parlor. Without hesitation he rose, obtained his pistol and started down the stairway. The burglars saw him coming, the stairs creaking beneath his heavy tread. They lay in wait. The parlor doors were nearly closed, and behind them the murderers stood, they having stepped into the parlor from the hall. Mr. Snell's revolver was of .32 calibre and light.

He fired one shot, and the bullet speeded through the heavy panels, flew across the room and struck against the east wall. The doors were nearly closed and through the aperture the burglars fired. One of them also had a .32 calibre revolver, and the other a weapon carrying a .38 ball. The edges of the doors are furrowed by the passage of the balls, showing that the revolvers were placed close to them.

One of the bullets missed its living target and flattened against the wall of the staircase. The other leaden messenger, the one from the large revolver, went straight and lodged itself in the body of the courageous house owner. Yet his vitality was so great that he did not fall, though undoubtedly he was staggered. He moved to the north, toward the head of the basement stairs, and then, from the door of the back parlor, came another cruel shot, which struck him back of the left eye.

This was fired from a .32-calibre revolver, and ploughed around the skull, fracturing it and lodging near the right eye. The stalwart man then fell, his head resting on the top step of the basement stairs and his feet stretching to the south. His revolver fell from his hand and was found beside him.

A trail of blood along the hall leading from near the parlor doors showed that the first wound was received some distance from the spot where the body was found, and bears out the theory that the second shot was fired from a door leading into the back parlor.



BEFORE FIRING THE FATAL SHOT.

When the bullet fired into the head was extracted, it was found to be reduced to a shapeless mass and not recognizable.

The only occupants of the Snell residence besides its owner last night were two female servants and two young grandchildren. Mr. Snell occupied a room on the second floor. The children slept with the servants on the next floor above.

Rose Bernstahler, the cook, was awakened about 2 o'clock by a shout coming from the lower hall. It sounded like "Get out!" and was undoubtedly the order given the intruders by Mr. Snell. Then followed five or six shots. Quivering with terror she sprang out of bed and rushed to the room of Ida Bernstone, the second girl, which was next to hers. She found Ida sleeping, awakened her and told her what she had heard. The two girls were too badly frightened to go down to see what was the matter, and ran to the window to give the alarm from there. The window was frozen fast, and they were unable to raise it. Across the street they noticed carriages being driven away from the entrance of the hall where the ball was in progress. By this time all was quiet below, and they crawled back into bed, there to remain awake and trembling until the coachman should enter to build the fires.

At half-past 8 A. M. Henry Winkelhoek, the coachman, awoke as usual, dressed himself and walked across the back yard, between the stable and the house, toward the kitchen door. Before he reached the door he noticed footprints in the snow, leading from the partition fence to the walk upon which he stood. He thought of burglars instantly and hurried on to the kitchen door. It was ajar and a few inches above the spring lock was a jagged hole the size of a man's hand made by boring a circle of holes with a half-inch bit and knocking out the centre, and through which it was perfectly easy to throw back both lock and bolt. The coachman's fears were then confirmed, and he ran hastily through the kitchen and hall to the millionaire's office. There everything was in confusion. The safe door stood wide open, the drawers of the desk were drawn out, two trunks were turned bottom upward and the floor was littered with their contents.



SERVANTS RENDERED SPEECHLESS FROM TERROR.

Now thoroughly frightened, the coachman wasted no time in the office, but started up the stairs leading to the first floor, intent upon awakening his master and alarming the house. The stairs were dark, and he had to grope his way carefully. He reached the top step, and, with his hand on the railing, turned toward the front door. He took one step forward, when his foot struck something, and as he fell forward with his right hand on the railing, his left touched the object against which he stumbled and was smeared with clotted blood. He sprang to the half open folding doors separating the front parlor from the hall, and as the light streamed in through the parlor windows he saw the dead body of his master lying on his back in a pool of blood on the hall floor, the feet spread apart, two paces back from the parlor doors and the head resting near the railing on the top step of the stairs leading from the basement. The left breast and side were covered with clotted blood, and from the hole in the murdered man's head blood was still oozing and adding to the sickening pool in which his head rested.

"Rose, Ida!" called the coachman up the stairs. "Rose, Ida, get up, get up! Burglars have been here and Mr. Snell is murdered!"

Then he dashed out at the front door and around the opposite corner on Randolph street to the residence of A. J. Stone, son-in-law to the murdered millionaire. He told Mr. Stone what had happened, and by his orders ran to the West Lake street station with the news.

There is no unusual number of bad characters in the city, and of the native bad ones they do not know whom to accuse. The Superintendent of Police and Chief of Detectives think the murder was committed by professional burglars.

When Mr. Snell lived in Jefferson, a suburban town, in 1868, his house was robbed by John and Jerry Gorman, Ben Sabins, and another man. The family were terrified with pistols and \$2,000 in cash and many valuables were taken. John Gorman was sent to Joliet for five or ten years, and the others received lesser terms.

The murdered man was a native of Little Falls, N. Y., and was nearly sixty-four years of age. He came West in 1844, and made his first money as a contractor on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. He also purchased from the county the road leading from Chicago to Jefferson and the tolls have since yielded him a handsome income. His wealth is estimated at \$3,500,000. The bulk of it is invested in real estate, including hundreds of houses on the west side.

He leaves a wife, three daughters and one son, all grown.

Officer Vanney, who travels the beat around Mr. Snell's house, saw suspicious characters near the place both before and after the murder, but though he chased them they got away. Later he was standing on the corner across the street from the Snell house when he was approached by a gentleman wearing a silk hat.

"Did you hear those shots a minute ago?" inquired the gentleman.

"Whereabouts?" asked the officer.

"They sounded to me as if they came from the hall," he replied, evidently meaning Martin's Hall.

The officer laughed and said that that could not be or he would have heard them himself, and the gentleman walked on.

The police arrested a young man this evening who gave his name as Charles H. W. Benedict, his age nineteen and his residence as Marshalltown, Iowa. He had a number of burglar's tools in his possession and a .38 calibre pistol. He admitted that Frank McCord, eighteen years old; George Dunn, seventeen years; Thaddeus Hall, twenty-one, and himself, all residents of Marshalltown, had agreed to form a gang of burglars, and he had been sent to this city to purchase the necessary tools with which to begin work.

He firmly denied having anything to do with the Snell murder and insisted that his accomplices were all in Marshalltown awaiting his return. Chief Ebersold telegraphed the Chief of Police at Marshalltown asking as to the whereabouts of the men named, and received an answer that they were not at that place. They are all known to the Chief of Police in Marshalltown, but he does not know their present whereabouts. The extension bit found in Benedict's possession is a new one, but bears evidence of recent use, and it tallies in size with the one used in boring the holes in the back door of Mr. Snell's residence.

One revolver Benedict had upon his person was not loaded, but each chamber had in it an empty shell, and the revolver showed signs of having recently been fired. The bullets in Mr. Snell's body were .38 calibre, which is the same size used in the empty revolver in Benedict's pocket. Benedict was formerly a postal clerk on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. The police refuse to say that they think he is the murderer.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

(SEE PORTRAIT ON PAGE FOUR.)

Sydney Rosenfeld, squibbist, playwright, librettist and writer of society work, was born in Richmond, Virginia, Oct. 26, 1855. He came to New York at the age of nine and distinguished himself for his scholarship



LOOKING TO SEE WHAT'S UP.

in the public schools. His connection with the literary world dated from the age of thirteen.

Mr. Rosenfeld is the author of a burlesque of "Rose Michel," of "Florinel," of "Storm Child," the "Mystic Isle." He also did not less than twenty-five adaptations for McCannell and Aronson. His songs, "Read the Answer in the Stars," and his "Duet on the L," have achieved a world-wide reputation. His dramatization of the "Lady of the Tiger" will make a sensation.



SPORTS IN AND OUT OF THE RING.

- 1.—CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY MATCH AT MONTREAL, QUE. 2.—SAM BITTLE GETS WORSTED IN A GLOVE CONTEST WITH "REDDY" GALLAGHER AT CLEVELAND, O. 3.—EXCITING CHASE AFTER REYNARD BY PHILADELPHIA DUDES. 4.—FINISHING THE SIX DAYS' RACE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



CRAZED BY RELIGION.

SAD EFFECTS OF THE WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT BOSTON, MASS.



AN OUTLAW'S MADNESS.

BLACK JACK, A NOTED DESPERADO, MAKES AN ATTACK ON A DEFENSELESS COUPLE AT WICHITA, KANSAS.



DRAMA AND LOVE.

A CHICAGO DRAMATIC AGENT'S FOOLISH INFATUATION FOR HIS YOUNG AND HANDSOME TYPEWRITER, MARY S. DULLERE.

PUGILISTIC.

The "Reddy" Gallagher-Sam Bittle Contest at Cleveland, O.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

J. P. McDonald of Ashland, brother of Paddy McDonald, the pugilist, says in regard to the John P. Clow-M. C. Conley match that Conley was willing to deposit \$500 with any St. Paul or Minneapolis man. Conley also says that he will fight any man in America, barring Sullivan, for \$1,000.

John D. Hayes, of Ashland, Wis., formerly of Ithaca, N. Y., and the backer of Mike Conley, has deposited a forfeit of \$250 in accepting John P. Clow's challenge to meet Conley. The conditions are that Clow shall at once deposit a like sum when a final stakeholder shall be chosen, and the time, place and other preliminaries arranged.

In a room in Westchester county, N. Y., on Feb. 7, Billy Gilmarin and Denny Crowley engaged in a battle royal for a purse, according to London prize ring rules. Only a select crowd of sporting men were present. When time was called for the 17th round Crowley could not respond, and the referee awarded the victory and the purse to Gilmarin.

On Feb. 7 Joe Hill and Jack McGarry, featherweights, engaged in a contest according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse. Fifteen hard rounds were fought and neither man had much advantage when the crowd became excited, and the referee, for fear of a general melee, stepped into the ring and declared the fight a draw. They will meet again in private for a purse of \$250, when it is expected the result will be different.

Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia, and Patrick (Reddy) Gallagher have been matched to box with 2-ounce gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules, on March 11, for a purse of \$1,000, the winner to receive 75 per cent. The contest will take place on a barge at Pittsburgh. Judging from the form Gallagher has displayed in his encounters with Pete McCoy, Jack Dempsey, Charley Mitchell, Sam Bittle, and Fogarty's battles, more especially his great contest for \$2,500 with Jack Dempsey, the battle will be a desperate one.

Arrangements have been made at San Francisco for a match between Joe McAlliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific slope, and Pat Kilrain of Duluth to box according to "Police Gazette" rules. The backers of McAlliffe agree to pay Kilrain \$1,000 and his expenses to meet the Pacific coast champion. The contest will be decided in the Mechanic's Pavilion in March, and sporting men of San Francisco expect the affair will attract a tremendous crowd. McAlliffe, according to the San Francisco papers, is booked as the coming heavy-weight champion.

A cable dispatch says: "The day Jim Smith met John L. Sullivan's representative at the Sportsman office to arrange a match, Smith was still suffering from the tremendous body blows Kilrain delivered during the great contest, and his right ear was still terribly swelled and three times its natural size. Kilrain and Smith contested on Dec. 19 and yet on Feb. 3, six weeks after the affair, Smith is suffering from the effects of the American champion's blows." According to these facts, where does it come in that the contest between Smith and Kilrain was a fake?

The "Baltimore American" recently published a column interview with Billy Edwards, the retired light-weight champion, from which we print the following: "My opinion in regard to the international prize contest between Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain is that it was a fair contest between two well-matched men. If two men like Smith and Kilrain contest one hour, it then becomes a question of endurance which can out-end the other. It was a square and fair fight. Naturally, the four fellows who were left full sore, and it was from their statements that the lake report got a wide circulation."

The shortest glove contest on record occurred at Boston, on Feb. 4. The principals were Tom Gray and Jack Beatty, who contested with gloves, according to the "Police Gazette" boxing rules for \$300. Gray weighed 145 pounds and Beatty 131½ pounds, the former being seconded by Jimmie Carroll (the rival of Daly) and the latter by Dan Gill. Eugene Buckley, the carman, was referee. Time was called at 9 o'clock, when Beatty led with his right, falling short. Gray's left then hit Beatty square on the nose, throwing his head up, while a tremendous blow from Gray's right in his jugular laid him out stiff. He was unconscious for 20 minutes. Time—14½ seconds.

Jack Fallon, the heavy-weight champion of Brooklyn, who is matched to meet Jim Smith, was tendered a benefit at Schellin's Hall, corner Atlantic and Vermont avenues, East New York, on Feb. 7. A tremendous crowd was present, and it was the largest benefit Fallon ever had in Brooklyn. Fallon boxed four rounds with Joe Denning, the Greenpoint heavy-weight, who fought Charley Mitchell. Fallon displayed great science, and his blows were delivered with good judgment and telling effect. Both men were loudly applauded. At the conclusion Fallon boxed with Denny Kelleher of Philadelphia, and Jimmy (Sparrow) Golden. The wind-up was between Joe Denning and Fallon. He was billed to box with Johnny Reagan, but the latter failed to appear.

J. P. Clow announces that the Denver Crib Club offers \$1,500 to the winner of a contest to a finish between himself and Jack Dempsey, the battle to come off at Denver. Dempsey would be very foolish to engage in an encounter with John P. Clow, who is nearly as heavy as Sullivan and taller, for a paltry \$1,500, when he can make that by exhibitions. If Dempsey is sensible he should make every boxer who desires to meet him put up stakes to the amount of \$2,500 and under no circumstances should he agree to journey to Duluth to contend to a finish for \$1,500 against a man who is nearly 6 feet in height and weighs, in condition, 197 pounds. Dempsey's fighting weight is 150 pounds and it is unwise to give 47 pounds away, although he might have a first-class chance of winning.

Jack Dempsey, the pugilistic wonder of the nineteenth century, who has had nearly forty ring contests and never met defeat, was tendered a benefit at Troy, N. Y., Feb. 9. The exhibition was first class in every respect, Dempsey fulfilling his promise to give a good show even if he did not make a cent. Dempsey sparred with Denny O'Sullivan and Tom Henry and was heartily applauded. The best set was between Mike Lucie of this city, and Jack Fallon of Brooklyn, and Billy Young of Brooklyn, and Bob Haight of Hudson. Bad blood was shown in each. Lucie was in better condition than Fallon, and the slugger was very hot, Lucie having the best of the battle. In the bout between Young and Haight the former took his opponent for a countryman and was badly left. In the third round Young was knocked clean off his feet. Haight is the youth who kept Tommy Warren very busy at Melrose a few months ago.

In regard to the offer of Mike Daly, of Boston, to again meet Jimmy Carroll in the arena, with gloves, for a purse of \$150 and a stake of \$150 a side, Carroll writes:

"I am not a newspaper fighter, not having won my reputation in that way; but I think the talk being made by Bill Daly requires a statement from me. I don't think I got my deserts in my recent fight with Mike, and I will never contest the Bangor man again if Bill Daly has anything to do with it, or for any purse that Bill Daly gets up or has any hand in. I would say nothing about this if it was not for all the talk about my contesting Daly again for a purse of \$750. When my backer says the word I will contest Mike Daly to a finish for a good big stake, but not under the rules of last contest. I don't know what you call them. They were not Marquis of Queensberry or

fair play. I call them the Daly rules. This is all I want to say, and I shall say no more until Daly gets ready to contest in the proper manner."

The following explains itself:

ASHBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 6, 1908.

To the Sporting Editor:

In reply to Australian Kelly's deal in the POLICE GAZETTE of recent date, in which he offers to match Gus Dempsey of Mattawan, N. J., against any 125-pound man in Monmouth County, in a contest, "Police Gazette" rules, allow me to state that I will match Jack Mathews, formerly of Mattawan, now of Ashbury Park, N. J., against Dempsey, "Police Gazette" rules, for any amount up to \$500, providing he will allow me to choose a stakeholder. Hoping this will be the means of bringing on a match at an early date, I am, yours truly,

ELISHA WOOLEY, Ashbury Park, N. J.

A benefit is now being arranged by several newspaper men for the widow of Billy Dempsey, who died during a contest with Swipes the newsboy a short time ago. The benefit is to take place on Saturday evening, February 14, at Madison Square Garden. June Rankin and John F. Eckhardt are sole managers. Mrs. Dempsey is now living at 29 Hicks street, Brooklyn, in destitute circumstances. Messrs. Barnum and Bailey have given the use of the garden free. Johnny Reagan, Mike Donovan, Dominick McCaffrey, Billy Dacey, Jimmy Ryan, Jack Delaney, Jack Fallon, Denny Kelleher, Tommy Danforth, Steve Brody, and Jack Kenny will be among the sparring who will appear. The wind-up will be between Swipes the Newsboy and Eugene Hornbacker. Jack Dempsey, who is with Billy Madden's combination, will appear if he can reach the city. There will be a number of wrestling matches. Gus Hill, the club swinger, will wrestle with Mike Dempsey, the Nonpareil's brother.

The New York "Herald" Feb. 6, publishes the following from Jack Knifton, the 21-tonner, to *The Sporting Life* of London: "Sir: If your readers will refer to your paper giving the report of the speech made by J. L. Sullivan previous to his departure from America, in which he stated he hoped to meet, among others, Smith, Mitchell and Knifton, and do battle for the championship of the world, they will think me wanting not in courage, but in patriotism, if I fail to try to uphold the honors of old England. I shall be glad to accept the \$200 to stand in front of Mr. Sullivan for six rounds, or in the alternative to fight him in the prize ring for \$200 a side, this amount being the limit of my resources at the bank at the present time, and I can only depend on one backer who has hitherto nobly supported me, namely, Mr. Ben Clark. With reference to the challenge issued to Smith, I will accept the same in Smith's place, and contest with Sullivan within fourteen days after the fight with Mitchell. I am not the pet of the fancy, but I will fight fair and square, and neither attempt to limit numbers on the side of the American to view the battle, nor raise any dispute as to which newspaper should hold the stakes."

The following explains itself:

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 4, 1908.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—No doubt, ere this, conflicting reports of the Daly-Carroll contest have reached you, and as William Daly, the backer of Mike, has the Boston press under his control, the backers of Jimmy Carroll seek refuge in your paper. Therefore, permit me to say that every fair-minded, unprejudiced spectator who witnessed the contest agrees with me that Carroll did actually win in the 14th round. A great many argue that Carroll won two or three times on fouls committed by Daly, but all agree that Daly was conquered in the 14th round. True, Daly did most of the leading throughout the battle, but Carroll always met him half way, and the tactics used by Carroll were specimens of his superior generalship over those of Daly. In the 14th round Carroll caught Daly on the right cheek with a right-hand straight punch, which lowered him to the floor in a heap. The blow was a little stiffer than Daly's seconds supposed it was, and as they saw their man trying in vain to struggle to his feet they so far forgot themselves as to deliberately walk over to the opposite side of the ring, take Daly's two arms and lift him over to his chair. This was done by Capt. Bill Daly and Dan Gill. Daly was no sooner seated in his chair than time was announced. His seconds responded instead of him, and they held an imaginary argument with the referee and timekeepers, claiming a foul. Finally Daly struggled to his feet, and amid great excitement Carroll continued the fighting, only to find everything so mixed up in the 14th round that he could not get at Daly. At this juncture time was called for the end of the 14th round. Paced was partly restored, and as time was called for the 15th and last round, Daly came up groggy. Carroll commenced where he had left off in the 14th round and was doing well, when the blue-coated guardians stopped the mill. If Carroll had been getting the worst of it, no doubt the police under Bill Daly's management would have held aloof. Every sporting man I have interviewed yet, even friends of Daly, coincide with me in every particular, and feel sorry that Carroll was so badly robbed of the contest. However, the outcome of this battle has largely increased Carroll's friends in this city, and I have no hesitation in saying that he can be backed for a barrel of money to meet Daly, any rules. Daly's backer says his man does not know the London prize ring rules. I voice the sentiment of all sporting men when I ask, "How can he then be a champion?" Yours respectfully,

A SPECTATOR.

The long pending glove contest between Reddy Gallagher of Cleveland, O., and Sam Bittle of Galt, Ont., was brought off satisfactorily in the gymnasium at Cleveland, O., on Feb. 7. The men had ratified a match to box according to "Police Gazette" rules with three ounce gloves for a purse. Only fifty tickets were issued, and only holders of these pastebored passes were allowed admittance to witness the affair. Both men had trained specially for the encounter, and Bittle reduced his weight from 175 to 167 pounds, while Gallagher's avoirdupois was 153 pounds about twelve pounds under his ordinary weight.

The spectators present comprised the leading sporting men of Cleveland with a select delegation from Detroit and Toronto. If the pugilists had engaged a large hall and agreed to have the contest decided in public, hundreds of sporting men would have paid to witness the Canadian champion and Gallagher settle the mooted question of supremacy, so great was the interest manifested over the result. Gallagher, as might be expected after his battle with Pete McCoy, of Boston, Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the champion, Charley Mitchell, the famous English boxer, was a decided favorite and odds of \$100 to \$75 were offered that he would defeat Bittle. Gallagher has a clean record of victories, except one defeat at the hands of Mitchell, the Englishman, and has contested draws with McCoy and Dempsey. Bittle met Harry Gilmore, whom he knocked out in 28 rounds. Jack Fogarty was selected as referee, and before the call of time announced that he would contest with the winner either for a stake or for a purse. Gallagher had the best of the contest from the start. The hitting throughout was clean and hard, and the exchanges rapid. Bittle had a trick of slipping down to avoid punishment at close quarters, which saved him from many vicious punches and lacerated the crowd. He was wounded, but claimed that his shoes were too large for him, and that it was impossible to prevent it. Gallagher was particularly clever with his left and sent it in often and savagely. The contest in the 1st round was light. In the 2d round Gallagher drew first blood by a drive on the mouth. The round closed with Bittle down on the ropes, a left-handed uppercut under the chin doing the business. In the 3d round Bittle slipped down once and was knocked down a moment later by a left-hander swinging on the jaw. Gallagher had the best of the round, but Bittle landed several times, though lightly. The 5th round was characterized by several hot exchanges, both men landing on the neck and body. As time was called Bittle swung his right on Gallagher's jaw, a blow that staggered the Clevelander and the only hard one he received. In the 6th round Bittle was knocked down three times, but came up each time smiling and fresh. In the 7th and 8th rounds Bittle went down twice, though the blows were suspiciously light. It had been stipulated that the men were to contest two or more rounds if the referee was unable to give a decision, but the police were present, and declared that they would arrest all parties if there was any knocking out. Referee Fogarty declared Gallagher the winner on points. Both men were in fairly good condition at the finish.

If you are unable to buy the POLICE GAZETTE from your newsdealer, it will be mailed you direct from this office Three Months on receipt of ONE DOLLAR.

SPORTING.

Albert's Unparalleled Record in the Great Six Days' Pedestrian Contest.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Billy Masterson, of Sioux City, is going over to the Sullivan and Mitchell static encounter.

John L. Sullivan has accepted the offer of Jack Knifton to stand before him for \$200 in a contest of 6 rounds.

Ike Weir must be another wonder of the prize ring, judging from his many victories during the past six months in the arena.

The great glove contest in Australia between Jack Burke and Larry Foley ended in a draw. This is all the particulars received.

James Austin, instructor in the manly art at the Metropolitan Club, Grand Island, Neb., is considered a very clever boxer in that locality.

W. J. Gordon of Cleveland, has lost his famous trotter, Clemmie G., record 2:15½. She was eleven years old and was by Magic by Edwin Forrest.

The champion wrestlers, Joe Acton and Edwin Bibby, are to wrestle at Fall River, catch-as-catch-can, for a purse and stake of \$1,000 on Feb. 17.

The police department of Minneapolis held their annual social dance at Minneapolis on Feb. 13, and it was a grand affair and well attended.

A wrestling match has been arranged between Edwin Bibby, now of Fall River, and Sebastian Miller. The conditions are Greco-Roman style for \$500.

William Muldoon is at Chicago, filling a wrestling engagement. Recently he attempted to throw Frank Whitmore twice in 15 minutes, Greco-Roman style, but failed.

The principal prize in a shooting contest to take place at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., on Washington's birthday, will be a Holstein bull weighing about a ton and a half.

Those dog-owners who suffered by the fire during the bench show at Columbus, Ohio, have generally decided to bring suit against the managers to recover damages.

Prof. Harry McCoy is teaching boxing at Rich Hill, Mo. McCoy is matched to meet Steve Curran in a six-round glove contest, and will leave for Lexington to train for the event.

Jack Farrell, of Harlem, who is matched with John Havlin, of Boston, says that it is the intention of his backers after his contest with Havlin to again match him with the Belfast Spider for any part of \$5,000.

James Dorsey of Ardley, N. Y., and Thos. Crosby of the same place are to figure in a glove contest, according to London prize ring rules, for \$300 a side. William Bolac of Irvington, N. Y., is temporary stakeholder.

At the annual meeting of the Charter Oak Park Driving Association, of Hartford, Conn., the old Board of Directors, headed by Mayor Morgan G. Bulkley, was re-elected. Executive officers will be chosen at a later date.

We regret to state that Cornelius McAlliffe, father of Jack McAlliffe, the light-weight champion pugilist, died at his home in Williamsburgh, L. I., on Feb. 10. The deceased was born in Ireland, and served as an enlisted soldier in the army.

On February 10 Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jim Smith boxed at Portsmouth, England, before a large audience. Charley Mitchell did not appear, having gone into training at Westgate-on-Sea, with his brother and Charley Howell as mentors.

At Glasgow the English yacht designer, Watson, who designed the cutter Thistle, has completed the design of a cutter similar to the Thistle, but to be built of composite, instead of steel. He has also finished the design of a steel yacht that will have a catboat.

The annual boxing tournament of the Scottish-American Athletic Club will take place at Oakland Park, Jersey City Heights, on the 27th inst. It is open to the amateurs of New York and New Jersey. There will also be wrestling, catch-as-catch-can, 125 pounds or under.

John Flaherty, of Boston, Mass., and Eugene Hornbacker, of Harlem, were matched in this city on Feb. 7 to box with 2-ounce gloves, for \$100 a side, Queensberry rules to govern. The contest will take place inside of three weeks, and the men will battle at 118 pounds.

At Beloit, Wis., on Feb. 7, Charles Moth of Milwaukee and Bert Scheller of Chicago wrestled catch-as-catch-can, two bouts, at the Opera House. The first fall was won in 1 hour by Moth, and the second bout, after a struggle of 45 minutes, was given up by Scheller, who had not the strength to longer continue the struggle.

Miss Carrie A. Gilmore, the champion lady roller skater of America, who had made a contract with K. A. Skinner for a year of roller skating in Australia, and who started on her tour to the Antipodes a week ago, has been obliged to cancel her engagement and has returned to her home in Worcester. Ill health is the cause of her return.

A glove contest has been arranged to take place at the Pelican Club, Boston, within ten days, for a purse of \$200, 12 rounds, between Johnny Banks, the colored boxer of New York, and Ed Binner, the dusky slugger of Beaulieu. Both men are training, and as both are "out for the stuff" it will be a close match. Col. Tom Earley put up the purse.

Dave Steele of Boston, and Jim Daly of Dorchester, two welter-weights, have signed articles and posted money for a glove contest to be decided according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse, with 2-ounce gloves. Dick Guthrie will second Daly, and Steele will be cared for by Jim Conley of Cambridgeport. The contest will take place in two weeks in a well-known club-room in Boston.

On February 10, in a slashing 8-round glove contest ("Police Gazette" rules) at the Theatre Comique, Minneapolis, Tommy Burke, of Colorado, was knocked out by Ike Weir in the fourth round. Burke was merely a mark for the "Spider," who punished him as he pleased. Burke did not get in one good blow. Weir punished his left most severely in the third round. Two-ounce gloves were used.

James L. Malone and Alfredo De Oro played for the emblem of the championship of fifteen ball pool and \$300 on Feb. 10. The conditions were: Best in 31 games, first 61 in each game, under the rules governing the tournament of 1887 in this city. The game occupied nearly 4 hours, in which there were three ties, on the 2nd, the 25th and the 30th innings, and resulted in a victory for Balbo by one game, he winning 16 innings out of 31 played.

William Bolac, of Irvington, N. Y., has posted \$50 and offers to match an unknown to wrestle Wm. Johnson at 165 pounds, weigh on the day of the match, for \$500 a side, Ed James' rules, best two in three falls, the match to be decided in six weeks from signing articles, either at Tarrytown or Sing Sing. Bolac is a brother to John Bolac, the famous wrestler of Vermont, who some years ago figured in wrestling matches with Donohue, Maurice Treacy, and other experts. Johnson is one of the famous wrestlers who now resides in this city.

Patsy Sheppard has received a letter from his old friend in England, Arthur Magnus, which was written at the request of John L. Sullivan. The champion has sent on for his brother Mike, and wants Patsy Sheppard to go to England

and second him in his coming contest with Charley Mitchell. Magnus says the contest will take place between March 3 and 12. Mr. Sheppard has not yet fully decided whether he will accept Sullivan's invitation or not, but says if the weather is good he will probably go.

At Gravenhurst recently, the skating race for the championship took place between John Hagley, of Gravenhurst, and C. Boydell, of Bracebridge. The rink was so packed with people that it was almost impossible to keep order or in fact clear the ice for the race. From four to five hundred people were present. A large crowd of Bracebridge people were in attendance to cheer on their champion, and were ready to take any odds on the race. About nine o'clock the races got away. For the first half dozen rounds Boydell led, with Hagley close behind him. The latter gradually gained on the Bracebridge man, and then began a struggle for the lead. After a considerable effort Hagley went to the front, and kept there to the end of the race, winning by more than a lap. Great excitement was caused and a good deal of money changed hands.

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, February 13, 1908.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir:—Please state if Dominick McCaffrey desires to try and regain his reputation in a contest he can do so without any of the usual newspaper controversy. I am prepared to match Jim Fell to meet McCaffrey in a glove contest, any rules, either for a purse of \$1,000 or \$1,000 a side, or Fell will box McCaffrey a limited number of rounds, the winner to receive 75 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts, at any time or place McCaffrey may agree to. Fell has come a long distance to meet McCaffrey. As the latter has time and again claimed he would meet any man in America he cannot honorably refuse to arrange a match with Jim Fell, who has money ready.

FRANK STEVENSON.

On February 11 Dan Custy and George Reynolds boxed for a purse in New Jersey. Custy, who is the champion of Long Island in his class, weighed 140 pounds. He is twenty-seven years old, and stands 6 feet 5 inches in height. He was handled by Andy Hanly and Eddie Sweeney. Reynolds is comparatively a novice. He is twenty-five years old, stands 6 feet 5 inches, and weighed 137 pounds. Jim Sullivan and another friend looked after his interests. Not over twenty persons witnessed the contest. Marquis of Queensberry rules governed, and the purse amounted to \$250, to go to the winner. The contest was well contested. After punching away at each other for 32 rounds, both being too weak to continue, but game and ready to go on, the purse givers persuaded the referee to call it a draw and divide the money. Two-ounce gloves were worn. Custy's lips were swelled and he had a puffed ear and bad nose. Reynolds was comparatively free from punishment about the face, but his body was a sight. His left side was black and blue and skin torn and lacerated.

The Twenty-second regiment of this city, under the auspices of the Spartan Harriers, held their winter games at their armory on Feb. 11. N. Lincoln, of the Olympic Athletic club, won the fifty-yard dash. The half-mile run was won by W. Thompson, of the Manhattan, in 2 minutes 7 3/4 seconds. The 1-mile walk was won by J. C. Kurth, of the Pastime Athletic Club in 7 minutes 51 3/4 seconds.

E. Hjertberg, of the Olympic Athletic club won the 1-mile run in 4 minutes 48 3/4 seconds.

The 50-yard race was won by Spellman of the Manhattan. There were three pulls in the tug-of-war contest for 650-pound teams.

The first tug was between Columbia College and the Thirtieth regiment. The Columbia won. The Nassau Athletic club's champion team tugged the Scottish-American Athletic club out of their seats. The final tug between the Nassau and the Columbia was won by the "Indians."

The final of the exciting heats was won by J. Davis, Olympic Athletic club, who had 17 yards' start in 58 3/4 seconds.

Jerry Griffin, of the Cove, and Edward Doherty, of East Boston, had a little fistie encounter in a room in Boston on Feb. 10, to settle the ownership of a small purse. It was a very little contest while it lasted, and was witnessed by a very small crowd of sporting men. In the 1st round Griffin led; Doherty cross-countered and knocked Griffin down. When Griffin got up he rushed Doherty all around the ring. In the 3d round Griffin had it all his own way, and odds were freely offered on him. Honors were even in the 2d round, but in the 4th Griffin got his fire up and gave Doherty a terrific left-hand upper cut, which laid the latter's lip open and started the blood. In the 5th round Doherty evened matters up, starting the claret from Griffin's nose. In the 6th round Griffin succeeded in landing a blow under Doherty's ear, which sent him to the floor. At the expiration of 10 seconds he was unable to come to time, and Referee Jerry Sullivan, of Gloucester, awarded the fight to Griffin. Before the contest the men were in excellent condition, Griffin weighing 133½ pounds, and Doherty 137. Griffin now wants to meet Gallagher, of Montreal, for a \$500 purse. It is probable that some Boston club will get up the purse.

The Centennial Bowling and Athletic Association of Detroit, Mich., intend to hold a grand boxing tournament for the amateur championship of Michigan. No entrance fee is required, but the applicant must enclose \$5 with his entry as a guarantee of good faith. This money will be returned immediately after the contest, but will be held if the applicant fails to put in appearance. All amateurs, according to the definition adopted by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and residents of this State, are eligible. The contests will be governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules; four rounds of three minutes each, with one minute time between each round. A fair and impartial referee, with two judges, will be appointed, whose decision will be final. These contests are purely scientific with soft gloves, and not prize fights in any sense of the word. The following dates have been fixed: Middle-weight, under 155 pounds, March 7; light-weight, under 140 pounds, March 23; feather-weight, under 118 pounds, April 11; heavy-weight, over 155 pounds, April 25. The committee reserve the right to reject any entry, which must be made one week previous to the contest; also the entries of Mr. Charles Oakman and Mr. James Burns, in the middle-weight class, they having been winners of the middle-weight contests during 1876 and 1877 respectively. For entries and further particulars address Otto Koehler, Centennial Gymnasium, 110 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

The six-day go-as-you-please race, which commenced at Madison Square Garden on February 6 and ended on February 11 in a blaze of glory, because James Albert, of Philadelphia, the winner, beat the record, made by Patrick Fitzgerald (610 miles), by 11 miles, 1320 yards, and covered 821 miles, 1320 yards, in 140 hours—an unprecedented and wonderful performance. He not only beat the record, but beat sixty-eight contestants, and left his nearest competitor forty miles behind. The subjoined table shows what each man who stayed six days did as to distance, time, and rests:

as to distance, time, and rest:					
	Name.	Distance.		Time.	H. M. S.
		M.	Yds.	H. M. S.	
non- com- par- ative good fund.	Albert.....	621	1,320	140:00:00	
	Herty.....	582	600	141:00:00	
	Guerrero.....	564	000	132:53:30	
	Hart.....	548	600	141:02:00	
	Golden.....	538	880	141:39:00	
	Moore.....	531	1,320	141:30:00	2
	Strokel.....	528	880	141:30:00	
	Norenac.....	525	440	140:55:00	
	Dillon.....	504	1,320	139:00:00	
	Tilly.....	320	1,320	141:37:00	
for	Taylor.....	261	00	141:52:00	
on	Sullivan.....	263	110	142:30:00	
	Stunt.....	308	880	141:30:00	

The total amount of the gate money will be about \$12,000, which sum Albert will receive 40 per cent, bringing his share to about \$5,000, to which Manager Hall adds \$1,000 for treating the record. Herty's share will be about \$3,000, and the share of the others will be fixed on a gradually descending scale. Norenac's share in the receipts will be two per cent, or about \$250. Manager Hall's share of the gate receipts is the same amount as distributed to the walkers, but he takes also all the money received for reserved seats and privileges. He paid all the expenses which he said were \$11,000 before the doors were opened. The rent of the Garden was \$4,000. Mr. Hall says that he will net about \$4,000 by the match.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions on
Matters of Sporting
Interest.Racy Comments, Suggestions, Etc.,
on General Athletic
Topics.

Some men are born lucky and I think one of these is McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, who recently defeated Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion of America, in quicker time than John L. Sullivan did, either at Mississippi City, when they fought for the championship, or when they boxed at San Francisco, both of which contests Sullivan won.

If McAuliffe had never met Paddy Ryan it is doubtful if ever he would have gained so much notoriety in prize ring annals, while now he is one of the stars in the sporting firmament at San Francisco, and he has just ratified a match with Pat Killen of Duluth, Minn., which will add more glory to his already won laurels.

From information I have received from Duluth, I understand McAuliffe's backers have agreed to guarantee Killen \$1,000, and defray his expenses, to box McAuliffe at San Francisco; so that, no matter whether Killen makes McAuliffe hold signals of distress, or whether the Pacific coast heavy-weight champion compels the heavy-weight of Duluth to cry "enough" when they face each other within the ring of ropes, Killen will receive \$1,000.

I am of the belief that no one can judge the merits of a boxer, pugilist, or any other athlete, or even the result of a fight, no matter whether it is decided according to the orthodox rules or by the Queensberry rules, unless they witness the affair and see the principals contending for the supremacy; consequently I am not going to claim that McAuliffe is a champion, nor do I believe he is going to shine as a star in the prize ring hemisphere, simply because I never have seen him perform.

I am sure I shall not hold him up either as a second Kilrain or Sullivan merely because he defeated a boxer who in 1880 was champion of America.

Should he even succeed in defeating Pat Killen, who is to be his next opponent, I shall not consider that he is the only rival of Sullivan and Kilrain, as the San Francisco papers now claim.

The sporting fraternity of Cleveland are very sweet on Patrick Gallagher, better known to the fistic division and the sporting community as "Reddy" Gallagher, and that the owner of the fast trotters and racer in conjunction with other sporting men of Cleveland are eager to match Gallagher against any middle weight in the world for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

After the Tennessee boxer was defeated by Charley Mitchell last summer, many of his backers and those who looked upon him as the coming middle-weight champion were not so elated over Gallagher, but since he showed his ability to conquer Patsy Cardiff, John F. Clow, or J. D. Hayes' champion, Mike C. Conley, of Ashland, Wis., it would then be in order to announce that the Pacific Coast champion was a likely candidate for the title of champion of America, but not before.

Jim Fell, the well-known pugilist, who I believe is a native of Cumberland, Eng., recently paid me a visit, and stated that he was tired of trying to induce some one to meet him in the prize ring. He said he had a backer ready to find the stakes, that he was not looking for any soft snip, but that he was ready to meet any man now in America according to "Police Gazette" rules, no matter whether it is John P. Clow, Patsy Cardiff, Peter Moran, Frank Glover. It is strange that none of these boxers appear willing to meet Fell when he has the "kiss of war" and stands ready to arrange a match on a business basis.

The Kansas City "News" says: "We have received from Jake Kilrain's backer, Richard K. Fox, the only full list of the colors worn by the world's champion in the ring, in this city. It has caused a great deal of comment and admiration. The 'colors' are worthy of the man and his backer, who has brought him into such prominence. May the colors never be lowered, is the wish of Kansas City friends."

Judging from the business transacted by the Executive committee of the Fleetwood Park trotting meeting, the fall meeting will be a big success, for the following purses have been guaranteed: \$5,000 for the 2:25 class and \$5,000 for the 2:30 class; entrance, 7 1/2 per cent. of the purses, payable—\$75 April 1, \$100 June 1, \$100 August 1 and \$100 two weeks before the race. Purses to be divided in four moneys, as usual, and surplus money to be divided in the same proportion, between fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth horses. Another \$5,000 purse will be announced later. This is a new departure, and will be very attractive to horsemen.

By the way, I am informed Fleetwood Park will also endeavor to obtain a place this year in the grand circuit, following Springfield.

One of the most sensational trotting events of this year will in all probability be the free-for-all stallion contest to take place in California. The proposed conditions are as follows: A sweepstake for all trotting stallions of \$1,000 each, with forfeits as hereinafter named; mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

The list of eligible fast sires on the Slope is a very strong one. It consists of Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1/4; Anteco, 2:16 1/4; Director, 2:17; Stamboul, 2:17 1/4; Sabie Wilkes (three years), 2:18; Woodnut, 2:19; Dawn, 2:19 1/4; Antevola, 2:19 1/4; Ansel, 2:20; Albert W., 2:20; and Palo Alto, 2:20 1/4, at four years old. From this list we believe at least five will be nominated, and as the stake is open to all, we shall expect to see some of the Eastern horses cross the Rockies.

I see that Jim Keenan, the well-known sporting man of Boston, and a great admirer of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, has received a letter in which the champion says: "Jim Smith is a very tricky fellow, light and nimble on his feet, and very clever with his hands. Several times I thought I had him done for, but he always managed to go down just as I thought I had him out. At least a dozen times he worked a trick that aided him more than anything else in staying out the 100 rounds. Each time I contested with him hot to his corner he would work his arms for a few seconds and then make a lead at me, managing it so that his fist fell short, and the force of his blow would send him down, giving him a half minute rest."

"With 30 minutes more of daylight I would have whipped him. Mitchell is very sure of defeating John L. I think I have enough money now to enable me to give up this business and engage in something more to my fancy. I will engage in fighting battles in America after my return, unless a match with Sullivan or something unexpected turns up, but whether or not, I intend to retire from the ring just as soon as possible."

I was well aware that Kilrain would not always be as champion because he does not like the bother and trouble, besides the hard work that a pugilist must continually undergo to keep in condition. Kilrain informed me that he only desired to figure in one more battle before he gave up the business in which he has made his name historic, and that contest will be with John L. Sullivan.

Kilrain has not forgotten the slurs and false statements made by the boxer who was champion before Kilrain ascended to the throne of the pugilistic championship, and he is eager and will resent, by a passage-at-arms in a manly and scientific contest, these accusations when he returns to this country, if there is any probability of coaxing the ex-champion to meet him in the arena in a contest to decide the question of supremacy.

It is the universal wish of every sporting man, and the patrons and followers of the POLICE GAZETTE to see Sullivan and Kilrain matched to contend in a fair and honorable contest, and there is every probability, after the arrival of these great prize ring heroes on their own soil, that a match may be ratified.

Judging from the reports I have received of the Carroll and Daly glove contest, the latter does not possess the quantity and quality necessary to reign very long as the light-weight champion, a title he never has won in the ring, but which he affixes to his name.

Daly or any other boxer, in my opinion, has the privilege of styling himself champion, and no one can find any fault providing he stands ready to defend it against all comers, but if a boxer says he is the light-weight champion, and, while posing as the premier, refuses to accept all bona fide challenges, the title, in my opinion, not only makes him look ridiculous in the eyes of the sporting public, but injures his standing as a professional.

It would puzzle many at the present time to find out who is the light-weight champion. Daly claims the proud distinction, and Billy Dancy has offered to meet any man in America for that title, and has backed up his dog with a forfeit. Carroll, of Holyoke, Mass., also states after his signature that he is willing to battle for the title, and Johnny McAuliffe, while he is not in harness at present, still fondly clings to the title, and it is my opinion if it came to an issue he would be at the most ready to fly the light-weight championship flag as usual.

I see, now the weights for the great handicaps have been announced, that the followers of the turf are beginning to try and pick out the probable winners of the Brooklyn handicap and the Suburban. The latter is fast becoming the great turf event of the year.

It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to attempt to make any selection of the probable winners of either the Brooklyn or the Suburban at this early part of the season, but after the horses begin to work, and it is definitely known what will start, I shall as usual attempt to name the winner, and shall consider myself lucky, and so will the readers of this paper, if I have the same luck as in 1885, 1886 and 1887, by naming Pontico, Troubadour, Dry Monopole and Blue Wing as winners of the great handicaps.

A correspondent writes from London: "It is rumored here that Jack Dempsey intends paying a visit to this side. Should the wonderful Irish-American champion decide to visit these shores, it is needless to state that he will receive just the same welcome that was extended to Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and his rival, John L. Sullivan. Dempsey's wonderful exploits in the orthodox 24-foot ring in America have gained him a great name in this country, and the many promoters and patrons of the good old prize ring appreciate a genuine champion, so that if Dempsey does invade this country in a professional way he will reap a golden harvest."

I think there is a general ignorance even among those who frequent the foot-ball field as to the rules of the game, and a touch-down may be a knock-down for all a majority of readers know. The game as played now in the American colleges is according to the Rugby rules as amended by the Inter-collegiate Association on Oct. 4, 1879. The field as laid out is 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. Broad white lines are traced upon the sod with whitewash and these lines run for some distance beyond the boundaries. Each goal is composed of two upright posts over 20 feet high and placed 18 1/2 feet apart with a cross-bar 10 feet from the ground.

The game is one and one-half hours long and is divided into two innings of three-quarters of an hour each. There is a judge for each side and a referee. Each team is composed of fifteen men and these are arranged according to the captains' ideas, the general plan being to have nine "rushers," or "forwards," three "half-backs," and three "backs."

The men may dress as they please but shoes with projecting nails, iron plates or gutta-percha are prohibited. No throttling or tripping up is allowed nor shall there be any tackling below the hip. The captains of the teams toss up at the opening of the game and the winner has the choice of goal or of a "kick-off," the general plan being to take a goal if the wind is at all strong or likely to be, or if the sun is up, the object being to have the wind blowing in the direction of the enemy's goal and the sun in the enemy's eyes.

A kick-off is a kick from the centre of the field. The most forward men of the other side must stand at least ten feet away from the ball. A goal is when the ball is kicked from the field over the crossbar of the opponent's goal. If it touches a post it is called a post and is not a goal. After a goal has been obtained by either side the ball is given to the other side for a kick-off. There are three kinds of kicks over: A drop-kick, where the ball is let fall from a player's hand and is kicked as it rebounds from the ground; a place-kick, where it is placed deliberately on the ground, and a "punt," where it is let fall and kicked before it touches the ground. A goal cannot be made with a punt.

The ball may be picked up at any time by any of the players and carried toward the enemy's goal and it may be passed to another player on the same side, but it is only lawful for a player to throw it back toward his own goal. If the ball is struck with the hand or thrown forward it must be brought back to the point where the offense was committed and there put down. The ball may be caught from a kick or from a throw, and the catcher making a dip with his foot to mark the spot has the right either to take a drop-kick or a punt, or to place the ball for a place-kick.

The opposing players may go up to the mark, and the catcher's friends cannot charge him until the ball has been kicked. The ball is "dead" when it rests motionless on the ground, and it is not lawful to pick up a dead ball. A ball may be taken up when it is rolling or bounding, except in a scrimmage, and if a player runs with the ball until he passes the goal line of his opponents and touches the ball to the ground, it is called a "touch-down." A goal is equal to four touch-downs, and a game is decided by the number of touch-downs.

When a touch-down is made the player must try to kick the ball over the goal from a line twenty-five yards from the goal. A player finding the ball too near his own goal or actually in it may "touch down for safety," and then he has a "kick-out" to get the ball into the field again. The kick-out is a drop kick from not more than twenty-five yards outside the goal. If the ball falls "in touch"—that is, out of bounds or beyond the side boundaries of the field—it must be kicked out again.

In the event of any player being tackled by any of the other side while holding or running with the ball, he must at once cry "down" and put the ball down. A scrimmage takes place when the holder of the ball being in the field puts it down on the ground before him.

When a ball goes out of bounds or "in touch" at the sides, any player may touch it down and then bring it into play at the point where it crossed the line. When the ball passes high in the air the referee has a difficult task in deciding where the crossing point was. In case of a foul, the ball is put down at the point of the foul and given to the opponent's side for a full kick. A goal cannot be scored in this way.

No player is allowed to lay hands on another player unless he has the ball. Other rules provide for "mauls in goal" and other technicalities, and generally it will be seen that the object is to secure touch-downs when goals cannot be made, and that touch-downs for safety, while not helping or marring the game, are indications of weakness on the part of the player making them.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

"Red Dragon's" Newsy
Notes From the Brit-
ish Capital.Some Interesting Deductions
Regarding the Kilrain-
Smith Contest.

[SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LONDON, England, Feb. 1, 1888.

Since I forwarded you my last letter there has been lots of "variety" sport going on in London and all other big towns on this side of the water, and racing, and, I may say, hunting, men have had the resources of their stables well tried.

The boxers surge over the land and the billiard players claim great attention.

Into the boxing controversy between John L. Sullivan and Jim Smith I shall not enter, because it is my opinion that there is no prospect of a match being made.

I was pleased with Mr. Fleming's straightforward reply to Sullivan's last challenge, which hits the right nail on the head. In my opinion Sullivan does not like his job with Mitchell, and I am inclined to believe that, if he can only succeed in getting on a match with Smith, he would forfeit the £100 deposited for the Mitchell fight, or some unpleasantness would follow which would lead to the match being declared off by the stakeholder, who has openly declared himself on the Sullivan side. Now, as Sullivan has disappointed Mitchell on three previous occasions, and has said he can whip the saucy Englishman in two or three rounds, it is just as well for his reputation that he should try to make good his words.

The English sporting public certainly would like to see the matter honorably settled, but such a result will not be brought about unless a little less ill feeling is shown on both sides beforehand. If Sullivan really believes what your contemporary says, viz., that he feels but very little interest will be centred in his proposed encounter with Mitchell, all I can say is that he does not estimate his own reputation as being very high in this country. In my opinion, the fight between Mitchell and Sullivan is being looked forward to with great interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and I for one should like to see it settled without any further palaver. When there is so much smoke there is generally very little fire.

Sullivan, however, cannot expect to have everything his own way, and neither Jim Smith nor Jake Kilrain can be blamed for not agreeing to the terms dictated solely by Sullivan or his agents. They (Smith and Kilrain) are the masters of the situation now, solely through Sullivan refusing to fight Smith and Kilrain on previous occasions. When Sullivan ruled supreme he was not very willing to oblige anybody in particular, making only those matches that looked like proving the most profitable, studiously avoiding battles under the orthodox rules of the prize ring. Otherwise the "fistic marvel," so called, would have had a better record than only a solitary ring fight of 9 rounds.

I saw both Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain, the English and American champions, in their sparring exhibition at Cardiff, Wales. Owners of horses, trainers, jockeys, actors, literary men, musical men, embrocation men, were present in force. Of course the sparring was not of a very heavy character. I shall not be critical. It was "short time," though I dare say it would have been long enough for some of those who say that the great St. Pierre International match was not a great prize contest, which I claim it was. Kilrain is a magnificent man, and whoever lowers his colors will have no easy task. Kilrain is a tremendous, big, powerful man and a thorough gentleman, with a head that Homer might envy.

Smith's face puts one in mind of a farmer or gamekeeper. I was also pleased to see Charley Mitchell looking well and happy. Sullivan will find a better man before him than when the pair met in New York. In a brief conversation with Kilrain he alluded in withering terms to Sullivan's boast that he would pound him out of England.

"Before the play is over the boot will be on the other leg," quoth Kilrain, with that firm expression of countenance which the genial American wears when he is in thorough earnest. Jake is not a loquacious being, and as he is generally very sparing of his words he is an unlikely man to back out of anything he has said. As regards height, Sullivan and Kilrain are nearly equal; the same applies to their muscular development and science. Sullivan is a trifle broader in the chest, but this very breadth curtails the reach of his arms, while the immense longitude of Kilrain's arms obtain a wider sweep, in their being placed, as it were, nearer together. Again, Kilrain is a more symmetrical man than Sullivan in his understandings, as the latter is much too slack below the knee for his extensive upper works. If ever the pair come to close quarters, Sullivan will realize this unpalatable fact to his cost, as it very rarely happens that a thin-legged man is a good wrestler. Not that Kilrain is any particular flat at wrestling, yet he can do enough of the game to flatten out any ordinary performer when he gets a fair grip, and after his little experience with Jim Smith, he is not likely to allow his wrestling accomplishments to lie fallow.

Those who most persistently derided Kilrain's abilities when he first put on the mittens at St. James Hall some three months ago, are now the loudest in his praise and the readiest to discover qualities in the American, hitherto unexpected. The immense length of Kilrain's powerful fingers cannot now surely be disputed by his most prejudiced opponent, and probably his gameness will at last be admitted by his celebrated rival and countryman John L. Sullivan.

It was not that public opinion had over-estimated the gallant Jim Smith so much as that he had blindly disparaged the American. The absurdity of this is all the more remarkable when the similarity of the men in height, weight and build is taken into consideration. Kilrain had the advantage in height, but their weight and general measurement are not far apart, indeed they were probably the best and most evenly-matched heavy-weight pugilists that ever confronted each other for a big stake.

Kilrain, before the fight, was comparatively an untired man, having never fought previously by way of old style, and it was impossible to know beforehand whether, as is so often found in the noblest specimens of humanity, he had not a weak spot somewhere.

There was also this consideration—that he came from a land where nobody's gifts or merits are at all likely to be undervalued.

He is two inches taller than Smith, while his length of arm is phenomenal. That Kilrain made the best use of his natural and acquired advantages all those who witnessed the late memorable passage of arms willingly testify. Naturally most of the English champion's friends thought that Smith's quickness, gameness, stamina, and experience would more than counterbalance the greater range and power of his adversary, but few people had reckoned upon the hidden resources possessed by the astute American.

During his sparring tours with Mitchell, he seldom launched out that powerful flat of his which temporarily damaged the symmetry of Jim Smith's left ear. Neither would he own to the soft impeachment that he could wrestle, although it was known to a favored few that he had both those powerful weapons in reserve. If "everything is fair in love and war," no one can blame Kilrain for thus wisely keeping his own counsel, as it were, and circumventing the enemy by stratagem. Such a course of action does credit to his intelligence, and will serve as a very useful leaf for those who have the sense to take it from his book.

The immense advantage the cool, calculating boxer possesses over the man who bids farewell to his wits directly he enters the ring and relies simply on his physical powers, is incalculable. Sullivan, who has certainly talked fight a great deal, means fight this time, and no bones. That Mitchell intends going the

whole animal, no sane human being who knows the lively one and his plucky father-in-law—the inimitable Pony Moore—can possibly doubt. Mitchell says he will either "trash Sullivan or die in the ring," therefore all those sportsmen and others who did not see the battle between Smith and Kilrain, but who were woefully disappointed because the men had not chafed each other up, will, in the event of Mitchell's defeat, be quite satisfied this time.

Sullivan gives it out that "everybody who displays any judgment shares my opinion that I will easily knock out Mitchell. As for Kilrain, he is only a third-rate man, and when I get back to America he will have to fight, too, or else sink into oblivion." Well, may the difference of opinion never, etc., John L., but you'll have to prove your words.

Judging from the hostile direction in which the wind is now blowing big guns, Mitchell represents the old world as boxing champion from the same stand point as Sullivan claims to be champion of America—indeed of the world, Sullivan appears to be particularly sweet on Smith at present who no doubt will accommodate him (Sullivan) before he departs, especially if he is defeated by Mitchell.

Sporting men are now looking forward to the great fixed turf events of 1888. The following are the horses entered for the Derby: Duke of Marlborough, Hark, Bartizan, Justina, Simon Pure, Derwentwater, Friar's Balsam, Hazlethatch, Ayrahoe, Crowbar, Ossory, Orbit, Caeliaverock.

Judging by Friar's Balsam's performances last year, I shall look with confidence to see him carry off the Newmarket "Blue Riband," and Hazlethatch to run up to him.

Just a few words now on the One Thousand Guinea and Oaks, the chief of the entrants for which are Seabrooke, by Isomphy, out of St. Marguerite, trained by Jowitt; Her Majesty, by Robert the Devil out of Peace, trained by Hayhoe; Nina, by Lowlander out of Music, in Marsh's stable; Spud, by Hampton out of Thistle, trained in the Kingsclere stable; Belle Mahone, by Uncas out of Jennie Howlett, under L'Annon's care at Malton, and Briarroot, by Springfield out of Eglentyne, trained by Ryan. Now, on public form, these two races appear to be as big certainties for Seabrooke as does the Two Thousand and the Derby for Friar's Balsam, and yet all are such little cattle in the early part of the year that it would not greatly surprise me were this charming filly to share the fate of others of her sex in bygone years.

RED DRAGON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. Elgin, Ill.—Yes.
J. W. Ogden.—A wins.

J. L. Henry Ellen.—No.
D. M. San Francisco.—No.
P. J. F. Omaha.—Thanks.

G. A. S. New Orleans.—Yes.
O. J. Middleberg, Ohio.—No.
M. W. S. Elgin, Ill.—A wins.

R. J. W. Algonac, Mich.—No.
J. H. F. Denver, Col.—In 1841.
O. B. New York City.—Weston.

P. S. Plymouth, Mass.—A loses.
E. B. Livermore, N. H.—A wins.

F. C. Providence, R. I.—Thanks.
A. B. St. Paul, Minn.—Methodists.
A. C. D. St. Charles, Mo.—In October.

W. M. Racine, Wis.—Queensberry rules.
VERACITY, Leadville, Col.—You are correct.

H. M. South Fifth avenue, New York.—Yes.
W. F. L. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Under 154 pounds.

OAKLAND SPORT, Oakland, Cal.—Paddy Ryan.
W. S. Shoemakerstown, Pa.—B was entitled to the deal.

M. S. G. Pottsville, Pa.—B was entitled to the deal.
R. S. Boston.—Hanover is by Hindoo, Bourbon Belle.

J. G. Minto, Dak.—Write to some dealers in old coins.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—We have no such record.

A. F. S. Baltimore.—We have written for the information.
W. C. Hamilton, R. I.—Yes, for forgery, arson, or murder.

SPORT, Minneapolis.—It is the quickest on record if correct.
D. S. W. Kansas City.—You cannot build out of your hand.

S. D. Olean, N. Y.—Straights, when it is agreed they count.
THE READER, Cleveland.—When C passes he forfeits his right to play.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—We do not keep theatrical records.

C. B. D. Philadelphia.—The Marquis of Queensberry rules originated in England.

D. C. Washington Co., Pa.—Write to the American News Co., Chambers street, New York.

W. M. W. Lakota.—The instance referred to is remarkable, but is possible in fair dealing.

CONSTANT READER, Eddyville, N. Y.—Jimmy Carney and Jack Dempsey were never matched.

B. New York.—I. We published Col. J. H. McLaughlin's record some time ago. 2. In 1899.

J. F. K. Newark, N. J. 1. 155 pounds. 2. No. 2. McAuliffe's weight in condition is 153 pounds.

M. D. Union Club, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1868, Charley Mitchell Nov. 24, 1861.

W. McC. Tamer, Kansas.—Write personally to Dominick McCaffrey, who resides at Philadelphia.

A. D. Dorinda Center, Ill.—The match between Herbert A. Slade and Charley Mitchell ended in a draw.

W. O. B. Clayburg, Pa.—1. Jake Kilrain holds the trophy. 2. On March 9 Mitchell and Sullivan are to meet.

J. C. Phillipsburg, Pa.—Not at a benefit, but at Arthur Chambers saloon it was buckled round his waist.

R. W. C. Troy, N. Y.—Snowden covered 114 miles the first day of the roller skating race at Minneapolis, Minn., in 1886.

K. Hudson, N. Y.—1. No. 2. In 1893 Tom King defeated John C. Heenan. Thirty-five rounds were fought in 35 minutes.

M. J. Baltimore.—1. Lola Montez, the famous danseuse, died in this city on Jan. 17, 1861. 2. She made her debut in this country on Dec. 29, 1851.

A. W. Rochester.—The parties who tied on 42 win first and second prizes and can divide if they desire, but who threw 40 is only entitled to third money.

S. S. CLUB, Brooklyn.—1. If the age doesn't play his ante goes to the winner. 2. No; but the dealer is obliged to tell how many he himself drew, if called upon to do so.

W. R. D. Scofield Co., Utah.—The Kilrain and Smith battle ended in a draw. Stakes drawn and Kilrain holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of America.

W. E. C. Bingham School, N. C.—The fastest time on record for running one mile by a horse is 1 minute 39 3/4 seconds, made by Ten Brock with 110 pounds against him at Louisville, Ky., on May 24, 1877.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Haverhill, Mass.—George Hazael, 600 miles 220 yards; John Hughes 568 miles; Chas. Howell, 602 miles; Robert Vint, 578 miles; J. Sullivan, 577 miles; George Noremac, 566 miles.

D. C. New York.—Charley Rowell's best record for six days is 602 miles, made in a race at Madison Square Garden, New York, in May, 1884. Patrick Fitzgerald won the race, Punchat finished second, D. J. Herty third, Robert Vint, fourth and Albert Elson fifth.

E. F. New York City.—1. Patrick Fitzgerald won two 2-day races at Madison Square Garden, in Oct. 1882 and in May, 1885. 2. He covered 577 miles 440 yards in the first, and 610 miles in the second. 3. In the 1884 race Charley Rowell was beaten by 3 miles. 4. Small gloves.

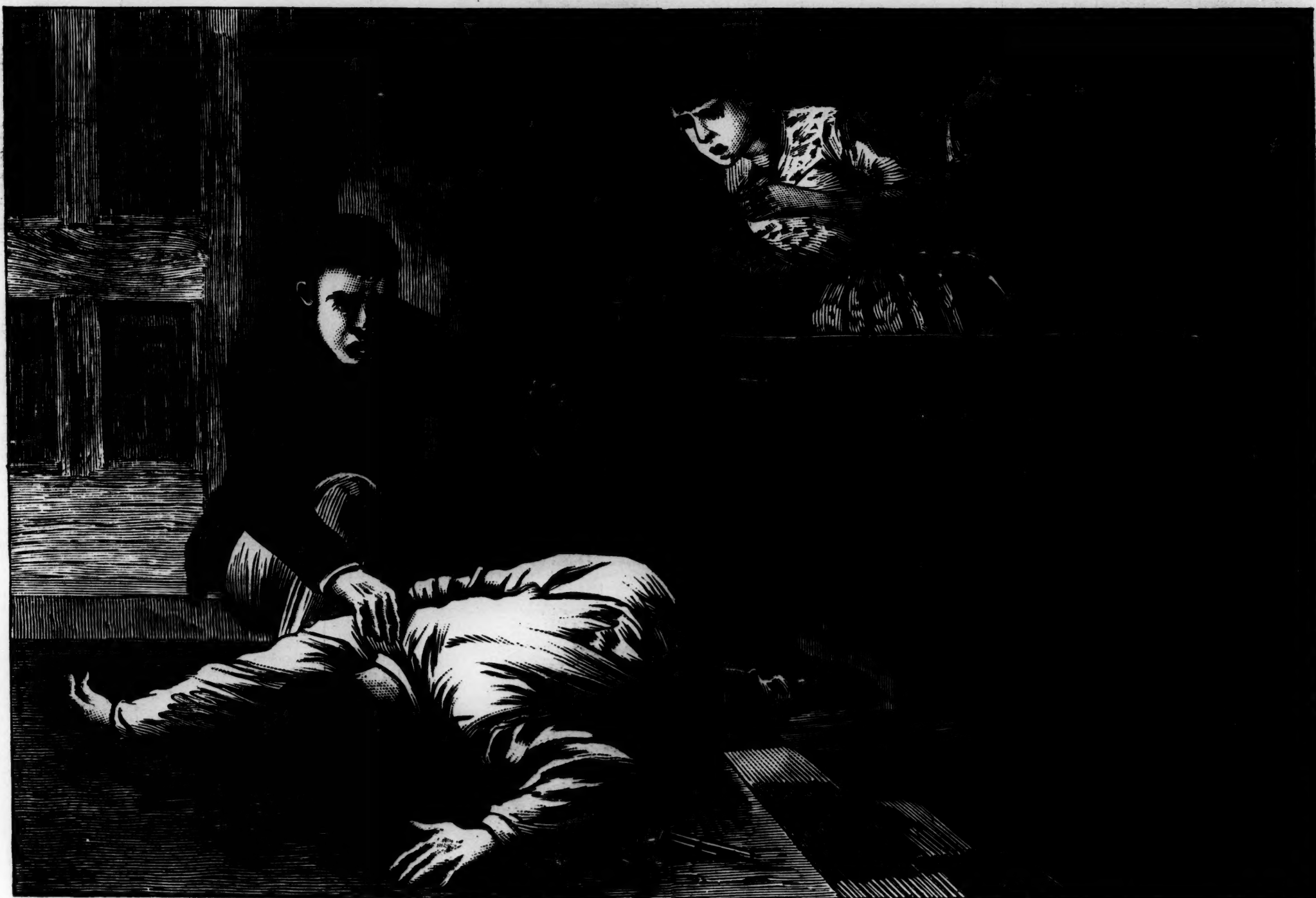
D. S. Detroit.—A wins. Ed Corrigan's Freehand boat Dwyer Bros.' Miss Woodford for the Champion stakes, Monmouth Park, Aug. 10, 1885, one and one-half miles, time 2:36. Also for the Special stakes, Monmouth Park, Aug. 18, 1885, one and one-quarter miles, time 2:50. Also Sweepstakes, Brighton Beach, Sept. 14, 1885, one and one-quarter miles, time 2:38.

V. E. R. of Traverse City, Mich.—Will you give the length, breadth over all, tonnage, cost, amount of water drawn, of the three largest steamers ever floated on the Hudson River; also dimensions of one or two steamers? The following is the reply: Pilgrim—3,484 tons gross, 2,513 tons net; dimensions, 372x50x15.6. Providence—2,962 tons gross, 2,062 tons net; dimensions, 362x48x16.6. Bristol—2,962 tons gross, 2,064 tons net; dimensions, 362x48x16.5. Drew—2,902 tons gross, 2,040 tons net; dimensions, 456x47.5x10.9. St. John—2,645 tons gross, 2,444 tons net; dimensions, 352x41x10.



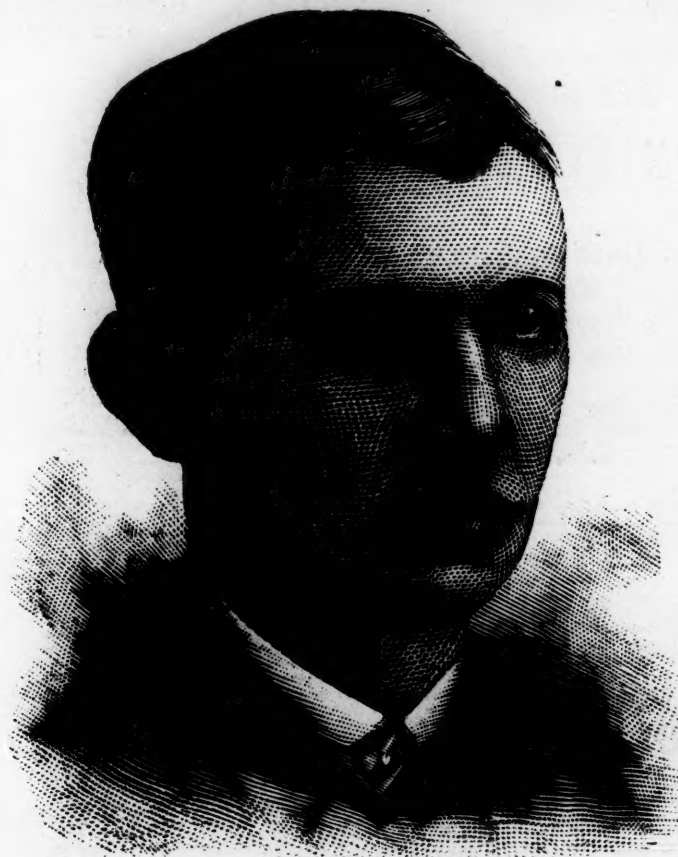
A COWBOY LET LOOSE.

RICH DISCOVERY OF DETROIT POLICEMEN IN THEIR SEARCH FOR A DESPERADO WHO THIRSTED FOR THE BLOOD OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.



ASSASSINATED IN COLD BLOOD.

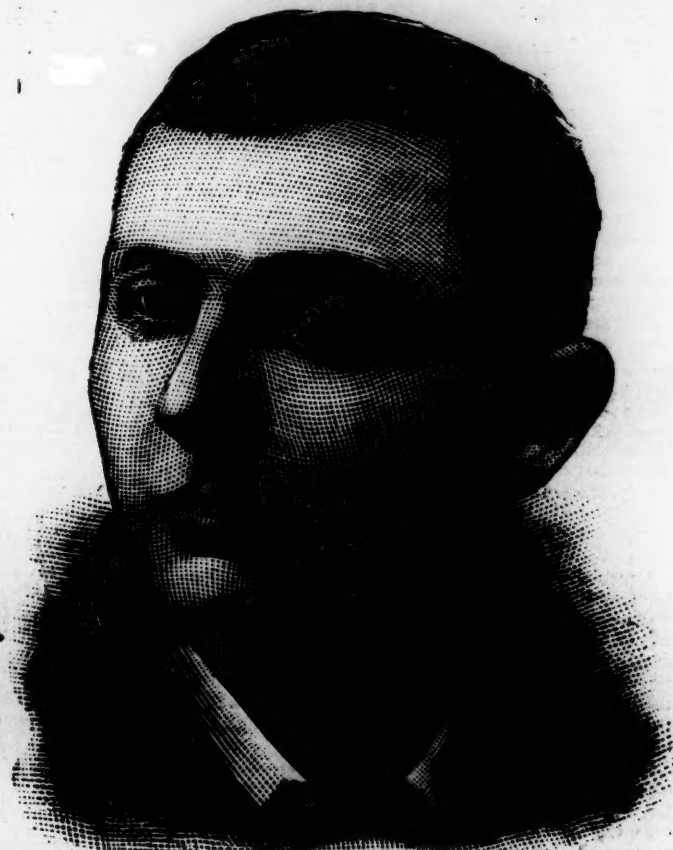
FATAL STRUGGLE OF MILLIONAIRE SNELL OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WITH BURGLARS. [SEE FULL DETAILS ON PAGE SEVEN.]



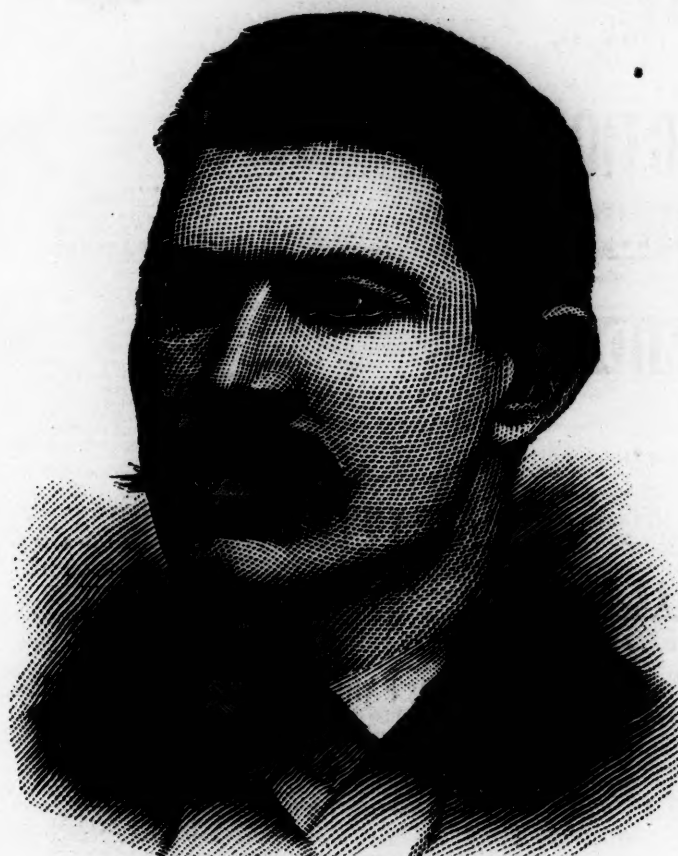
JAMES A. JORDAN,
WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR CHAMPION RUNNER AND WALKER OF
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



GEO. E. TUFFLEY,
OF MOLINE, ILL., EX-CHAMPION ROSE COUPLER OF AMERICA,
WHO HAS AN INTERESTING RECORD.



BILLY DRENNAN,
OF WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN, A FAMOUS BREEDER OF GAME COCKS
AND GENUINE SPORT.



JACK KEEFE,
A POPULAR SPORTING HOUSE KEEPER, BOXER AND INSTRUCTOR
OF ATHLETES, OF CRESTLINE, O.



R. BERT WATSON,
OF LONDON "SPORTING LIFE," ENGLAND'S CHAMPION REFEREE
IN GENERAL SPORTING MATTERS.



ARCHIBALD WALLACE SINCLAIR,
AMATEUR CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN, OF ENGLAND, AND A CONTEST-
ANT IN THE LATE SIX-DAYS' RACE.



FRED CARLTON,
A CRACK RUNNER AND FAMOUS AMATEUR ALL-ROUND ATHLETE
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.



ROBERT DE LISK,
THE FAMOUS WING SHOT AND GENERAL ALL-ROUND SPORT OF
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



ALDERMAN LALLY,
WELL AND POPULARLY KNOWN AS "MAYOR OF THE FIFTH
WARD," OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cock-Fighting Rules. See the "Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules. Free by mail to all address. 25c. **RICHARD K. FOX,** Franklin Square, N. Y.



SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

**THE METHOD A CHICAGO WOMAN TOOK TO COMPEL A WITNESS TO RETRACT DAMAGING
TESTIMONY IN A DIVORCE CASE.**